The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

July 19, 1924

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

I TELL you, my countrymen, the world needs more of the spirit of Christ; the world needs the spirit of the man of Nazareth; and if we could bring into the relationships of humanity among ourselves and among nations of the world the brotherhood that was taught by the Christ, we would have a restored world, we would have little or none of war and we would have a new hope for humanity throughout the earth.

Warren G. Harding.

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

THE WORLD SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

WE are giving much space to the World Sunday School Convention meeting in Glasgow because of the importance of the subjects with which it deals, because it has enunciated the latest thought on those subjects, and because such a gathering takes place only once in four years.

Delegates who travel from 3,000 to 13,000 miles and take weeks in the journey can not assemble often.

The very distance involved, the sacrifices made to attend, the common interest they all have, the contact and communion, have bound these delegates together and bound them to the people of the country they have visited.

As is inevitable in such gatherings, some phrases have been repeated until the reporter's pen refuses again to write them down. If all speakers attended all sessions they would, if not for truth at least for variety, modify some utterances. On the whole, the addresses have been of high order. The meetings have been crowded. The attendance kept up for ten days. Thousands were turned away every night from the pageant.

Some things have emerged from the material presented which are fundamental and which may be written down in a few sentences:

That the old mass instruction the world around has given place to graded lessons.

That the new emphasis has gone on from grading to individual instruction ("education a personally conducted tour") and recognition of the particular needs of each individual.

That therefore the proportion of workers to pupils is increasing—where it was one in twenty or thirty, it is one in five or six.

That training for leadership is a new phase of the work, knowledge of the individual pupils, ability to pick out future leaders, special training for the future teachers, missionaries, preachers, social workers and other public servants the church ought to produce.

That training of teachers for the Sunday school is the thing upon which all real success depends, and that this is one of the things upon which most energy is being spent in all countries.

That literature, pictures, and helps have been multiplied for every grade, but that the tendency now is for these to become indigenous in the different areas of the world as a part of the recognition of adaptation to individual and local needs.

That more than one hour a week must be given to religious instruction.

That daily vacation Bible schools afford a chance to reach congested areas of cities, remote country districts and vast masses of foreign speaking inhabitants.

That Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and similar organizations are of enormous value in holding on to boys and girls at the age when they drift away and drop out.

That the teacher who is to succeed must give more than the hour on Sunday to a class and that the one who is with the pupil in week-day activities, social, educational or recreational, ought to be the one to teach them on Sundays.

That in an increasing number of countries time is being found for one or more periods of week-day religious instruction.

That the Bible is the basis of instruction but that extra Bible material is being brought in for special grades and special needs.

That uniform lessons in the sense of providing the same Bible passages for all grades have had their day and uniform lessons in the sense of providing the same courses to the whole world together are coming in.

That Christian, Buddhist and other religious leaders recognize that religious education is a task of first importance, that hours of worship, buildings, and other machinery must be changed to put this first thing first, that in even conservative groups teaching the children has been placed on the level of preaching the word.

That parents of every race, black, brown, red, yellow, white, seem equally anxious to get the best available for their children however indifferent they may be as to what they get for themselves.

That though racial differences are striking the psychology of the adolescent is the same everywhere.

That the World's Sunday School Association is a great missionary organization to "influence the child life not of a single empire or race, but of the world."

That it is determined itself to be a League of Nations and has decided to work for international peace by direct attack in Sunday school lessons on race hatred and prejudice.

That it founds all its work upon the gospel of Jesus Christ.

There have been criticisms in private of the Convention by some delegates. It has not given time enough to the technical side of modern church school instruction, and they say that it has not recognized clearly the protests and antagonisms of vast groups of laborers or planned adequately to bring them into the work of the Church.

Just what such criticism represents we do not know. This however is true: That at no time have issues as between Modernist and Fundamentalist been raised in the Convention, that people of many shades of theological opinion have been present, that many viewpoints have been represented on the program, and that both a noble spirit of comradeship has been exhibited and a common determination to enlist all the children of the world under the banner of Christ, to apply the principles of Christ to all the problems of mankind.

* *

SO THEY BROUGHT HIM HOME

IN the cold austerity of a winter twilight a group of those who loved him went back to the Vermont hills that had nurtured to say the long farewell to a leader of men.

To-day, not many miles away, another group will stand about a boy's grave. Millions will be thinking of that brave young life too soon cut off, and sharing the sorrow of those to whom he was nearest and dearest. Among these will be many who early learned to lift up their eyes to the hills and find strength, and they will not need to be told why Calvin Coolidge brought his boy back home.

H. M.

* *

TOWARD MEETING MAN'S NEED

WHEN Dr. George Galloway entered upon the professorship of Divinity in St. Andrew's University, he delivered an inaugural address upon "Theology: Its Task and Its Present Problem." After outlining the present status of the Church and religion he concluded by saying: "Religion is too deep rooted in the fundamental needs of human nature to pass with the passing fashion of society. If the faith suffers eclipse for a little, it again victoriously reasserts itself, for there is in the religion of Christ the springs of an indestructible life. At present only a very few show any marked hostility to Christianity, and even those who criticise the Churches are seldom without some spring of sympathy for religion. Most men who have an experience of life realize that it is impossible to live well without faith of some kind. The essential thing is that we should meet the problems which are pressing on us with courage and faith—with faith in God whose good purpose can not fail, and who invites us to be fellow-workers with Him for the spiritual harvest."

Here are encouraging words, spoken not by an optimist stupidly blind to the problems of the day, but uttered by a man who knows whereof he speaks. Man does need religion—more to-day than ever before. Man may not know his real need. He may go stumbling along over the pathway of life looking for help in another direction, but soon or late he is compelled to turn back to the strengthening and comforting power of religion.

We who sometimes grow discouraged may take some encouragement to our hearts from this observation of Professor Galloway. There comes a time in the life of every man when he realizes that he can not go on without faith. Toward meeting that need we labor. And as we meet it our labor is not in vain. Let us thank God that we have in Universalism a faith that satisfies and let us "keep on keeping on."

H. H. N.

* *

A REBELLION OF CHILDHOOD

GEORGIA has rejected the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution on the ground that it "would destroy parental authority and responsibility throughout America and would give irrevocable support to *a rebellion of childhood which menaces our civilization!*"

We are aghast! We had screwed our courage to the sticking point to combat the Reds, the Yellow Peril, and the menace of the Rule of Rome. We had braced ourselves against these terrors which beset our one hundred per cent Americanism on every hand. We trembled, but we knew that God was on the side of the native-born white Protestant American and relied on Him to slay our enemies in His good time.

But now, alas, our faith is shaken. One more horror threatens against which we have no defense. A "rebellion of childhood menaces our civilization!" The 89,000 children between ten and fifteen years of age who work in the mills and cotton fields of Georgia, and those other thousands in other states, will, if this proposed amendment is passed, be free to overthrow our social system and utterly destroy our fragile civilization. And there is no help at hand. We can not even trust in the Lord, for we are overwhelmed with the sickening certainty that He will be on the side of the children.

D. H.

* *

A NEW ERA IN CONSERVATION

THE silent man in the White House addressed a great assembly of conservationists at Washington on May 22. His address was brief, read from a prepared paper, as impersonal in delivery and form as a high school boy's essay. Yet there burned in it the pure flame of an idea that stirred his listeners to frequent and tumultuous applause. It seems to be the Coolidge way. After him came a more vivid spokesman, Theodore Roosevelt, executive chairman of the convention, popular in personality as well as in theme. The one outlined the matter impersonally as in a lawyer's brief; the other gave to the same ideas the evangelistic touch. The soul of the elder Roosevelt seemed to shine through the face and words of the younger. Both voiced the permeating spirit as well as the outstanding cause of the convention. There were present representatives of the various departments of the Federal Government and with them delegates from public and private agencies dealing with outdoor matters, Audubon Societies, National Parks Associations, Mountaineering Clubs, Isaac Walton

Leagues, Sportsman's Associations, outdoor societies of all kinds, from localities the country over.

The assembly was distinguished and unique. Nothing like it has ever been called together in this country, probably not in the world. It marks an epoch, for in it spoke nationally for the first time the voice of a mighty truth that is just beginning to find itself, beginning to realize that it has power commensurate with its needs, the voice of conservation of the most valuable natural national asset which remains to this country, the recreative value which lies in the beauty and primitive freshness of its great outdoors. The topic, "The Nation's Need for Outdoor Recreation," was stressed in paper after paper by experts through forenoon and afternoon sessions for three days. Throughout it all thrilled in force the cry for the preservation from further waste of our great national heritage of forest and waterway, mountain and plain, bird and beast, as God made them and placed them in trust in the hollow of man's hand.

For, as Roosevelt pithily put it, "without conservation there will be no outdoors left in which to take recreation."

Throughout the nation leaders of thought have arisen, prophets who glimpse the millennium of health and sane living that may yet be, seeing it as a vision through murky clouds of selfish, thoughtless devastation. In state after state, community after community, they have drawn to them kindred minds and formed societies for the preservation of our wild life. Most of them have worked locally, but the tenets of their gospel have spread far. These have been the inflowing streams which fed the flood of thought until the time has come, to quote Roosevelt again, "to work out a general national policy of mutual support and co-ordination among the federal, state and private endeavors."

Thus we have here a great nation, for the first time in history, organizing its resources, national and local, public and private, to the end that the healthful outdoor recreations of its people may be co-ordinated and extended, and especially to the end that nature in its beauty, its forests and wild flowers, its beasts and birds, may be righteously conserved for this use.

The convention marks an epoch. The need of the work it planned for is very great.

W. P.

* *

MENTAL HEALTH

MUCH distress and loss of efficiency is endured to-day because of nervous or mental troubles which could be cured or prevented.

Many persons who consult a doctor at once for a physical ailment never think of calling on a physician for themselves or their children if the complaint is "only nerves." Yet the victim may suffer intense and wholly unnecessary anguish, may be a center of gloom and a disturbing influence, and do harm to himself and others in an untold variety of ways.

We are only beginning to wake up to the importance of early recognition and prompt, efficient treatment of mild and incipient forms of nervous trouble.

The fact that the malady is in its beginning or that it may not be of a character ever to bring the patient to an insane asylum is no reason for not trying to cure it.

The mind is subject to as many and as varied disorders as the body and needs at least as skilled treatment.

Yet specialists in mental and nervous troubles to-day get as a rule only the end products. Patients are not brought to them unless and until the disorder has progressed to an advanced stage in which complete cure is likely to be difficult or impossible. If a man's watch is out of order, he takes it to an expert at once, but few men have arrived at the point of doing the same with nervous conditions.

Dr. Haven Emerson says we see a time "when the strange child, the worried mother, the confused and depressed workman will appeal to the hospitals for relief—as they now run to them for diabetes, appendicitis or typhoid fever." That time is perhaps in sight, but it is not yet here. Popular understanding of nervous and mental illness is far behind what we have reached in regard to tuberculosis, for example. Every one to-day realizes that early treatment of tuberculoisis is needed. Every one knows that the disease may take different forms.

Every one has heard something of preventive measures. But not many are in touch with the work of mental hygiene clinics in our cities. Not many know that plain, ordinary nervousness calls for treatment. And in a tragically large number of cases parents are laying the foundation of future breakdowns in their children.

Dr. George K. Pratt of the Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene says that "in most cases of nervousness, in many cases of delinquency, in some cases of insanity and in almost all cases of child behavior or conduct disorder, the trail leads inevitably and directly back to the home and the parents."

Dr. Douglas A. Thom, medical director, Division of Mental Hygiene, Massachusetts State Department of Mental Disease, and director of the Habit Clinics for pre-school-age children under the auspices of the Community Health Association, has had many pathetic cases of disordered child life. He tells of a little girl of two taken to the clinic because she was making vicious attacks upon her sister aged four. She had bitten her sister and scratched her.

It was brought out that the father had amused himself by petting the older child in such a way as to tease and arouse jealousy in the younger. He had not realized the danger of his pastime, to which the little girl reacted from the time she was eighteen months old.

The National Committee for Mental Hygiene, the Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene and others point out the danger to the child's mental health in many of the common practises of parents, such as frightening children into doing what the parent wants; allowing them to get their own way or get the center of attention by temper tantrums; permitting irregular hours, over-excitement, or too little play; talking angrily to children; punishing erratically or without explanation; encouraging too clinging or dependent an attitude; deceiving children; showing favoritism; setting a bad example of unwholesome mental attitude.

E. W. D.

Cruising in Convalescing Countries

IV What Stood Out on the Voyage

John van Schaick, Jr.

THREE things have stood out on the voyage which ended to-day. First one and then the other has been uppermost in our minds—the sea over which we have been traveling, the people of various nationalities with whom we have been associated, and the great Convention to which we have been journeying.

The boat is slow and the journey of nine days rather long for the Atlantic. At this time of the year the North Atlantic is cold and somewhat stormy. The officers of the Mauretania, arriving at New York the day before we sailed, reported the worst hurricanes in their experience, and the ship lost one of her propellers. We have escaped anything like that, but have had rain and fog—clearing weather the latter part of the voyage, but fresh winds and a long swell which has made the boat pitch and roll enough to keep many people sick. In addition, it has been cold, as was to have been expected. A dozen or more Southern girls from Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, taking this route to see the far-famed beauties of the St. Lawrence, have suffered severely. They have been seasick, homesick, cold, damp, blown to bits and generally bedraggled. Besides, there have been large numbers making an ocean voyage for the first time. In such a company there are many who can not easily adapt themselves. All their old landmarks are removed, their old occupations gone, their old way of life broken up. Even if not sick, they don't know what to do with themselves. They are not comfortable enough to curl up with a good book even if they like books, the ship shakes too much for them to write even if they want to write, the decks are too crowded for them to walk much even if they want to walk on a path which rises up suddenly and goes down sickeningly, totally unlike the well-behaved streets at home. In contrast with them are those who are perfectly well, used to cold weather, able to make themselves and others happy walking, running, reading, writing, playing deck games and attending various kinds of meetings.

Only occasionally does some one let out a hint of the impression made by the majesty and beauty of the sea. When the old sun breaks through for a moment or for a few hours, everybody exclaims and rejoices because of his warmth and his cheer. Everybody runs to look if a whale blows or the porpoises jump. But it is the exceptional person probably who sees what the artist or poet sees in the mist, or what the devout feel about One "who makes the clouds his chariot and walketh upon the wings of the wind." To those who have eyes to see the gray North Atlantic is beautiful. It isn't the blue Mediterranean, or the hot Red Sea, or the sparkling sun-kissed Bay of Bengal, or even the majestic Pacific, but it is the stormy North Atlantic, which tests and tries brave men to the uttermost and which now and then breaks forth into a sun-kissed beauty of its own all the more effective because of the cold, foggy background against which it is projected.

Starting at Montreal and *en route* to Glasgow, we of course have traveled north of the vessels sailing from New York or Boston.

The last two days of the voyage there was a fresh wind and the sun was warm. Dazzling white caps emerged and disappeared on a sea of real blue. People began to stand forward under the bridge where one senses best the majesty of a liner pushing on and on across the trackless waste.

That is the poetical way of putting it. In reality there are many tracks and it behooves mariners to stick to them.

Among the people with whom we were associated on this voyage were Scotch going back to their old country, Canadians on a tour or going over for business, and Canadians and Americans bound for the World's Sunday School Convention at Glasgow. The officers, stewards, and deck hands were mainly Scotch. The stewards talked to us in the broadest Scotch dialect and the officers put a Scotch burr on every command. The call of a mother for a straying child was apt to be "Ramsey," and "dinna" and "winna" and "couldna" were the sounds we heard all around.

The Canadians are like us. In history, in ideas, in methods of work, and in the way we use the English language we are much alike. One rather sore point with them is that on our side of the line we make so little effort to know them. They go to Washington, New York, Florida and Los Angeles. They study our history in their schools. They read our newspapers and magazines. They talk our politics. But continually they are meeting Americans who think Canada is a dependency of Great Britain, who are ignorant of her history, who know nothing of her great cities, industries, or farms, and who act as if Canada were a frozen waste largely within the Arctic Circle. These Canadians are a wonderful people. They come from the same kind of pioneer stock from which we have sprung. They have been up against the same hardships in the conquest of a new continent. They have our political ideals of liberty, equality, orderly government. They are big, broad, generous in their outlook. To associate with them happily, people on our side of the line ought to realize first of all that though we are larger and wealthier they have nothing to apologize for in our presence; then we ought to understand that Canada is a free self-governing nation in the British Commonwealth of nations, just as free for all practical purposes as we are; and, as important as anything else, that they have warm summers, rose gardens, some of the richest wheat fields in all the world, and melons and peaches highly prized in our own markets.

Above all, cultured Americans will avoid the boorish attitude exhibited by too many Congressmen in the past who have talked seriously about the pros and cons of the annexation of Canada as if it were a question solely for us to decide, or in fact an issue at all.

I like to remember the heroic exploits of the

Canadians in the World War, the resourcefulness, initiative and courage of the boys from the best families of Toronto and Ottawa and from the farms and lumber camps of Manitoba, Alberta and the Northwest. Out of a population of 9,000,000 they sent 500,000 soldiers, and had nearly 60,000 killed. None of us who know the history will minimize the achievements of our heroic boys, but it does not detract from their glory to state that with a population of nine million Canada lost as many as we did with our 110,000,000. Especially if we are going to bring up the subject of the war with Canadians we need to understand what they did.

The modest fellow who sits next me at table wears the button of the discharged soldier. He walks the deck with a slightly awkward gait. By dint of questioning when I had him alone, I found out why he takes some care as he walks. He enlisted in '15, was shot out in '18 and that left foot of his is cork. Now he is on the Workman's Compensation Board for Alberta and this is the first visit which he has made to his parents in Dublin since the war when he has not been on crutches.

The Canadian who presided at the usual concert given for the benefit of the Seamen's Charities, is a lawyer and a King's Counsel from a little place on the St. Lawrence called Morrisburg. When he said that he believed American mothers felt just as safe to have their boys in the war carried across in a British ship as they did in an American ship, the Americans cheered, and when with great tact he added, "Just as Canadian mothers would have felt as safe to have had their boys transported in an American ship," the Canadians cheered.

A Canadian professor of history and a young Canadian lawyer with a brother, a doctor, practising in New York, and a number of Canadian clergymen, Methodists and Presbyterians, have been a delight to us. A Methodist minister on the Canadian side of Lake Huron is a competent ornithologist. He and my wife have had great pleasure identifying and classifying all the gulls and terns and stormy petrels flying about us. He has some of John Burroughs' books with him. When John Burroughs died, he published a tribute to him. His old professor, who also loves nature and who can look through words to the heart of a faith, met him after the article came out and said, "Well, N—, I'm glad you did not consign Burroughs to everlasting hell."

While we want to see our American shipping prosper and while we believe in patronizing it whenever possible, we are thankful that the plans of the World's Sunday School Convention included using a Canadian ship, and that by chance we are on it. Our contacts on this ship are both delightful and broadening. We regret that we have not more churches in Canada so that duty would take us there more frequently. The Canadians have something to teach us.

We did not know of the nomination of Coolidge and Dawes until Saturday noon. The wireless bulletin appeared each day at lunch time and it missed the Friday issue. The Canadians seemed to know all about "Hell and Maria" and his record. All seem to admire Coolidge also, but think that the Democrats have a good chance to defeat him if they pick the right kind of ticket. This opinion is based largely on the probability of a third party in the field.

We have Christians of many names. Of those going to the Sunday School Convention, there are seventy-six Methodists and thirty-seven Presbyterians. I have met a few Congregationalists, two Episcopalians and two or three Christians. If there are any Unitarians they are quiet. My wife and I are the only Universalists, but we are fully accredited delegates and treated not only with respect but kindness. As to whether the delegates are fundamentalists or modernists I have no way of knowing. Mr. Philip E. Howard, president of the *Sunday School Times* of Philadelphia, is on board and his paper of course is aggressive against modernists. But neither Mr. Howard nor any equally aggressive modernist has uttered a divisive word in the gatherings on shipboard. There are meetings for instruction and meetings for prayer. Something of the feeling that we all are in one ship seems to bind us together. We all have left home. We all are in the same fog. We all rejoice in the same sunshine. We all are traveling on and on over the same vast ocean.

The scripture lessons in the prayer meetings are, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am sounding brass," and other great passages of devotion and faith. A Presbyterian clergyman, a state secretary for Sunday school work from Michigan, expostulated with me for not attending a meeting called "State Leaders of Religious Education."

Rev. James A. Verburg of Columbus, O., also a Presbyterian, gave an evening of readings including a part of "The Servant in the House." One could tell by the way he read it that he believes the essential thing in religion to-day is the spirit of Christ.

The minister in charge of the Canadian delegation, Rev. H. C. Priest of Toronto, has contributed much to bring about the homogeneous atmosphere on board.

In a little prayer meeting in the "card room" from 9.30 to 10 a. m. one morning, the leader, Mr. I. Hilliard, a former member of the Ontario Parliament, and a leading Methodist, asked us first to pray that we might be open minded, receptive and teachable at the Convention and also responsive—"not sit with wooden faces." Then he asked us to pray that we might take something to the Convention. On our knees in our rooms at the hotels before we went, we might make a contribution to the day. Finally he asked us to pray especially that we might help make the first hour of the day a good hour instead of one marred by tardiness and its inevitable interruption.

A Boston man in charge of evangelistic campaigns for Baptists, with an office in Tremont Temple, often walked the deck with us and showed himself one of the most unselfish men on board. A Methodist clergyman and his wife from the Canadian Northwest took care of the baby of an artist while they went to dinner.

The old sun on one of the rare afternoons that he was on duty could have seen a Fundamentalist and a Universalist editor basking in his rays on the boat deck and exchanging experiences. He could have seen the Fundamentalist photographing the Universalist, not for any Rogues' Gallery I am sure, and cheering

him on in a few fast laps on a deserted part of the deck.

Prayers were asked one morning especially for editors and publishers attending the Convention, that they "might spread the good news and the inspiration far and wide around the globe."

It looked for a time as if one of them were going to lose out in part at least in the attempt to watch the proceedings. Glasgow has limited hotel accommodations. All bookings were made through an International Tourist Agency. When the agents came on at Belfast, and set up their stands last night in the saloon of the Marloch, it was found that many of the passengers had hotel accommodations in Edinburgh or Shannon.

In Boston I had paid $140 for hotel accommodations for two people for eleven days. On the ship I was handed hotel reservations in Edinburgh and commutation tickets. As the trains take from one to two hours, I saw it would not do. I refused the accommodations and when we landed to-day did the customs quickly, commandeered an ancient but knowing cabby, and with wife, trunks, bags and boxes made a try for it myself. In half an hour we were in a sunny front hotel room, on a lovely square at the very center of Glasgow. All this in spite of the fact that "the whole town had been booked up for months." Whether it is a relief emergency or a hotel shortage, a fire or the condition of a road, it doesn't do to depend too much on "reports."

In another hour we had annexed O'Leary, whose taxi stand is in front of the hotel. He, too, is ancient and knowing and when we laid the case before him—a wife who wanted to study the birds and walk under beautiful trees and see some flowers—he said "Rouken Glen Park."

We had never heard of it but it was perfect. Some five miles out, along a lovely glen, the pink horse chestnut just at the end of its flowering and the hawthorn just out, with English daisies covering the grassy places, and the bluebells of Scotland in the dark shady places with the ferns, the contrast with the stormy North Atlantic was vivid. It was warm in the sun and cool enough for wraps where the burn ran through steep wooded banks.

But everywhere the birds sang. There were the familiar English sparrow and starlings, of course. Then the missel thrush was everywhere, under our feet, along the paths, wonderfully tame; chaffinches, wrens and tomtits without number sang for us; the English robin redbreast hopped across just in front of us; the wonderful English blackbird with his yellow bill sang his rich song, and there were a few notes so liquid, so appealing, so entrancing that my wife felt sure that it was the nightingale, although this was June 16, and the books say he stops singing about June 10.

At any rate the birds and flowers, the beautiful trees, the green lawns and meadows, the views near and far, the warm sun, the great white clouds, the Scotch bobby and good old O'Leary were kind to us and filled our first afternoon with happiness.

Glasgow, June 16, 1924.

Our Prayers Together

Conducted by A. Gertrude Earle

Saturday, July 26

When I am tired and weary,
And nothing goes my way,
I thank the Heavenly Father
For two nights to every day.

But when once more I'm rested
And all the world looks bright,
I thank Him that He sends me
Two days to every night.

Helen Knight Wyman.

Eternal God, for whom no dawn arises and no evening sets, who hast no weary days, no passive hours! We bless Thee, for giving the rest Thou never needest. Clear, O Lord, our inward vision, that we may see through the false shows of life, and be kept quiet and true by Thy great realities. Waken us all from the dreams of the earthly mind in its forgetfulness of Thee.

Sunday, July 27

Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them. *Psa.* 5 : 11.

Defend us, Lord, from every ill;
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will;
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to Thy service true.

Oh, let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"

Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path that leads to heaven and Thee!

John Hay.

Monday, July 28

It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. *Phil.* 2 : 13.

There is no thing you can not overcome.
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited;
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn
And calls for punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The great Eternal Will; that, too, is thine
Inheritance—strong, beautiful, divine;
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Tuesday, July 29

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
But you can't do it when you're flying words;
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes drop back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

Make clear unto us, O Lord, the countenance of Thy love, for our sins are heavy upon us. We have not offered unto Thee the living sacrifice of our bodies

and our spirits, which are Thine; but have served the vain imaginations of an unsanctified mind. Living without Thee, we have chafed against the ills Thou sendest for our patience, and fainted beneath the burden for which Thou givest strength, and fallen from the love that burns within us when we gaze on Thee. Heal us with a restoring sorrow, and be with us that we fall no more.

Wednesday, July 30

The things that haven't been done before,
Are the tasks worth while to-day.
Are you one of the flock that follows, or
Are you one that shall lead the way?
Are you one of the timid souls that quail
At the jeers of the doubting crew?
Or dare you, whether you win or fail,
Strike out for a goal that's new?

Edgar Guest.

Disposer of life, who appointest unto all their tasks, and measurest out their days of service! behold, our time is short and our work is great: give us the soul of industry and a heavenly spirit of alacrity.

Thursday, July 31

So take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

Jean Ingelow.

We do but come to Thee at a few set times, going forth on the wings of the morning to meet Thy blessing, and returning to Thy shelter within the shades of night. But Thou abidest with us forever, as a silence behind the voices of the world, the truth within its illusions, and the shame secreted in its sins.

Friday, August 1

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us,
Let us forget.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whatever of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

Susan E. Gammons.

O Thou that bringest deliverance to the captives and songs in the night! scatter our faithless cares to the winds. Humble our self-will beneath the cross. Speak to our conscience with no veil between, till we are wholly one with Thee.

(*The prayers for this week are all from "Home Prayers," by James Martineau.*)

The Glasgow Convention---II

LIKE the National Conference of Social Work in the United States and Canada, and other Conventions, the World's Sunday School Convention, in addition to the main meetings, is divided up into sections. No delegate can attend all the meetings, or half of them, and no journal can publish a complete account of the proceedings. Even the list of names in the program is formidable.

One Day's Activities

Friday, June 20, for example, the main session of the day which all attended was at 10 a. m. The Rev. Robert M. Hopkins of St. Louis presided, and the Rev. Horton H. Williams of Australia led the devotional service. Then followed five reports of general officers, a hymn, four reports from the World Field, from China, Japan, Korea and the Philippines, a twenty-minute address by the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton of London on "The Sunday School and Systematic Bible Study," and the second of Principal Cairns' devotional addresses, also lasting twenty minutes. With all this there was time for the singing of "Old Hundred" before adjournment at 12.35 p. m.

In the afternoon besides the conferences of the "Primary Department," "Junior Department," "Young People's Division," "Adult Division," and "Administrative Division," there were conferences of the "Algerian Mission Band," "French Speaking Delegates," and of the "Joint Advisory Committee." There was the exhibit and several little plays and demonstrations in connection with it and a huge pageant at 7 p. m., with an address afterward by "Ralph Conner" (Dr. Gordon). In St. Andrew's Hall there was the main evening session with the principal of the University of Glasgow presiding, reports from Algeria, Egypt, Syria and South Africa, and a stirring address by Basil Matthews of London on "The New World Situation."

Delegates attempting to take it all in are breathless or exhausted. One local paper has four to six men covering the Convention. The easily discouraged are taking advantage of the fine weather for trips to the Trossachs, the Burns country, or down the Clyde. Yet there is no lack in the attendance. The pageant announced for seven successive nights is given in Hengler's Circus. It is a huge auditorium but has been so packed that the authorities have had to stop admitting delegates free of charge, and ask everybody a shilling.

General Secretary's Report

W. G. Landes of New York, C. E. D., which means Doctor of Christian Education, was elected General Secretary a year ago in place of the late Dr. Frank Brown. His first report paid tribute to Dr. Brown for work in Japan. "When we assembled twenty-six years ago," he said, "for our second London convention, there were 40,000 Japanese Christians. A reaction had set in. Buddhist leaders were issuing bulletins saying 'we have now checked invasion of the destructive Christ religion. Soon we will root it out altogether.' Dr. Frank Brown went to Japan in 1907 and made a second visit in 1913. Finally Japan in 1920 entertained the first World Conference of Christian Workers after the war. The Emperor and Empress gave the Association open recognition and contributed a large sum toward the entertainment fund. In every year since the Japanese National Sunday School

Association has grown in strength and influence. Only last March the Department of Education for the city of Tokyo asked the assistance of the Association to furnish a period of Christian teaching in the public schools. It is an amazing change."

"General officers making journeys up and down the earth," declared Mr. Landes, "find open doors in every land. The World Association needs more full time secretaries to put with newly established national associations, and more and better literature in all fields. Success is marvelous when literature is sufficient and tools are abundant. New literature has just been issued for India, Egypt, Ceylon, South America, Japan, Philippine Islands and Czecho-Slovakia.

"Our budget of $100,000 for this work seems ridiculous. One member of the executive committee dares talk in terms of a million dollar budget. It is not, however, the printed page from which the truth of the gospel has been revealed to the students so much as the revelation which had come from the daily life pages of the living teacher."

Dr. Landes also brought out the truth that the Association is trying to develop indigenous or native leaders, and looked forward to a time when guidance from outside services would not be necessary. He also showed feelingly how death had invaded the inner circle of the Association in the past four years, taking the General Secretary, Dr. Brown, the chairman of the Executive Committee, the president of the Association, John Wanamaker, Marion Lawrance, one of the greatest American leaders, and other members of the executive committee.

Treasurer's Report

The treasurer, Mr. Paul Sturtevant of New York, reported total receipts of $242,000 and expenditures slightly less. He referred to the bequest of $100,000 made under the will of H. J. Heinz of Pittsburgh, a former president of the Association, five years ago. The executors, who had five years in which to pay this bequest, have paid 5 per cent interest annually on it and now have paid over the principal sum. The bequest of $50,000 from Mr. Heinz' attorney, J. W. Kinnear, also of Pittsburgh, has also been paid.

The general secretary had fifteen minutes and the treasurer five minutes and the bell was rung promptly and impartially on each of these important officers, to the surprise of all the delegates except the British.

Conditions in Great Britain

Mr. Arthur Black, chairman of the British Committee of the World's Sunday School Association, frankly gave figures showing startling losses, due probably to the war. He said that there were in Britain and Ireland approximately 51,000 Sunday schools, 690,000 officers and teachers, and 6,670,000 scholars—in all, 7,357,000 persons. From these figures it would appear that one in every six or seven of the entire population of Great Britain and Ireland attended Sunday school either as teachers or scholars. The present membership showed a decrease compared with that of ten years ago—before the war—of about 900,000, representing a decline of 11 per cent.

James Cunningham, a Scotchman, giving the Treasurer's Report for Great Britain, said they had not done as well as the United States in bequests: "An old lady died and left us 100 pounds. I don't suggest that you all go and do likewise, but I do suggest that if you will do the second part now, we won't hurry you for the first."

Surplus Material and Pass It On Department

If any Sunday school worker in the world has surplus Sunday school material, he is invited to write to Room 216, Metropolitan Tower, New York, the headquarters of the "Pass It On" Department, and indicate the kind of supplies he has available. The department will send him a book of instruction and the address of a missionary to whom he will send his goods. The Pass It On Department reported 60,000 introductions made by the New York and London branches which have helped 5,000 missionaries. Every missionary wants a large Bible and lesson rolls. Books, typewriters, motor cycles, lesson leaves, pictures, Peloubet's Notes, are all in demand. Even motor cars are requested. All this came about because a missionary from Siam back in 1909 reported that the only pictures he had for some of his homes were torn from match boxes.

From Heads of Nations

On Thursday the delegates received standing a cheering message from King Haakon of Norway. On Friday they rose without any request from the Chair as the following message was read from President Coolidge:

> I ask that you will extend to the World's Sunday School Convention, assembled in Glasgow, my greetings and sincere good wishes. Such a gathering, representing as it does the nations of the world, must in itself have a far-reaching effect in promoting that better understanding which is so essential to the cause of peace. But that there should be gathered together such a body of men and women whose sole purpose is to serve humanity is doubly inspiring. I trust the Convention will result in a renewed consecration to the great task which is its aim and end.

A Few of the Missionaries

The delegates cheered heartily. Dr. W. C. Poole, who then took charge of introducing several missionaries, said that it was at Washington in 1910 that the Association adopted the policy of sending field representatives to the various unorganized countries of the world.

Reports of mission work in Far East countries were afterwards presented. The Rev. E. G. Tewksbury, general secretary of the China Sunday School Union, referred to the movement to promote the study of the Bible in China by publishing it in phonetic language. He produced a New Testament in which the system had been applied, and stated that the circulation of this Testament would mean that 60 per cent of the church members in China who could not read the Bible to-day would be able to do so.

What John Wycliffe did five hundred years ago for England translating the Bible into the vernacular, this translation would do for China.

Dr. Tewksbury added a dramatic and picturesque touch by wearing his Chinese teacher's robe, standing three of the native Chinese workers alongside of him

and exhibiting a banner used in their Sunday schools in the shape of a star on one point of which were Chinese characters for "Hear and Think," meaning hear and meditate on the Bible, on another "Do and Believe," and on a third "Believe and Pass On." As the native Chinese unrolled a large flag of the Chinese Republic the vast audience rose. Mr. Tewksbury then took off his teacher's robe and put it on one of the Chinese workers amid hearty applause.

The Rev. Shoichi Imamura, of Japan, reminded the Convention that Japan was not a Christian country. Christianity was comparatively new to them. The first missionary arrived on their shores in 1859, and it was not till 1872—fifty-two years ago—that the first Protestant church was established. The ban prohibiting Christian teaching was not removed till 1873. The National Sunday School Association of Japan was organized in 1907, and had been affiliated ever since to the World's Sunday School Association. The holding of the eighth World Convention in Tokyo in 1920 marked an epoch for the Sunday school movement in their Island Empire. The reports of the Convention and the dramatic burning of the Convention Hall three hours before the opening session drew the attention of the Japanese people, as never before, to the work they were doing. Great public sympathy had been aroused. The approval of the movement by the Imperial Household had been shown in various ways. A gift of 50,000 yen had been received for the endowment of the Convention, and recently another gift had been bestowed by his Majesty. Many new Sunday schools had been organized since the Convention, and the number of scholars had been greatly increased. They had now 3,277 Sunday schools, with 188,174 pupils. Mr. Imamura, in expressing indebtedness for the assistance rendered to Japan after the earthquake, mentioned that the offices of the Sunday School Union in Tokio had been destroyed and that they had lost important documents, stocks of publications, and their library. Their work had been further commended to the people of Japan by the relief work they had done after the disaster. He received an ovation as he declared that the people of Japan realized that in the reconstruction of their capital city they must have a spiritual as well as a material foundation.

With him he brought 100,000 post cards to distribute, each carrying a message of Japanese appreciation for help in the earthquake. As he closed Horace E. Coleman of Tokyo, Field Agent of the World's Sunday School Association, was introduced with the statement that, as Japanese leadership developed, Mr. Coleman stepped more and more into the background.

The Rev. H. Namkung, Korea, said that the Presbyterian Church in Korea was a pure type of the Scottish Presbyterian Church. The interpretation of the Bible was wholly evangelical, and the church laws and rules were strict. Careful study of the Bible, holy keeping of the Sabbath, prayer services, constant observance of family devotions in the home, and enthusiastic Christian activities were characteristics of the Korean Church.

Dr. Ryan gave an interesting account of the work in the Philippine Islands, and said it had been described as one of the finest pieces of missionary endeavor in the Orient. He read a message from Teodoro Yangco, Manila, president of the Y. M. C. A. in the Philippines. "I hope the Convention will be a real success," the message concluded, "in helping to spread the Sunday school all over the world, as I believe it is the most efficient agency to establish the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

The Child and the Bible

"Two axioms of Sunday school work overlooked often because they are so simple, are that the proper study of the teacher is the child and the proper study of the child is God," said Dr. W. Y. Fullerton of London. "The child must learn God from three books," he continued, "Nature, History and the Bible. The whole Bible should be taught as related to Jesus—the Psalms were songs Jesus learned, the Old Testament stories he heard in childhood, the prophecies found fulfilment in him. We must make the Bible central, teach pupils to read it daily, read it aloud to get its music, learn passages by heart, induce an appetite for it, with character and conduct as an end. To be saved from accidental and haphazard Bible reading we have the International Bible Reading Association, now forty-two years old."

Principal Cairns' Second Address

Principal Cairns' second devotional address, again at the close of a busy morning, but listened to with closest attention, was on "Jesus the Way," from St. John 14 : 5-6.

"Yesterday I spoke of Christ as truth," he began. "Jesus revealed the reality that is at the heart of things so that we can define God as an Almighty, All-knowing, Omnipresent Christ. Does any one of us want a greater or happier thought of God than that? Such a thought transfigures everything. It is impossible to rejoice too much if this be true. Jesus Christ also is a new and living way. You and I have profound religious cravings for fellowship with God. Here is the obstacle. The only God worth believing in at all is a God of absolute purity and goodness. How am I ever to come into happy relations with the Supreme Embodiment of Conscience if I am not at ease with my own conscience? Into that problem comes Jesus and is a living way. I know a man by reputation and I desire his friendship. In democratic countries like ours, any one may secure an introduction if he persists long enough. An introduction, however, is not a friendship. When I reach his presence I am not natural, I am embarrassed. It is altogether a different story when he comes seeking me, when he persists, when he is not put off by any imperfection in me, or any insult or wounding, but puts out his hand. That is the Christian account of God. We know He is a God of incomparable Grace. At every point the Christian communion with God rests on this—God seeks communion with us. This ancient story of God's grace is not fully believed by men to-day. There is doubt and fear caused by the revelation of science God has given us and the long periods of geologic time. Undoubtedly the only God it is possible to believe in is a very great God.

"The old chronology and the old geology expressed the ideas of God. As they were dwarfed, the idea of

God was dwarfed. Now take the thought of the greatness of nature and say God must be as much greater in character than we believed as the new wisdom shows them to be greater than the old wisdom. It is impossible to think of greatness except in terms of love. As I think of the new knowledge of the new world I see the cross of Jesus become more luminous—more believable."

Cablegram from Japan

With a professor of the University of Glasgow, Dr. Milligan, presiding Friday night, the session opened with a cablegram from Viscount Kato of Japan, which made something of a sensation and was deeply appreciated. It was as follows:

> "Wish to express cordial thanks for support and sympathy given by association to preceding meeting held in Tokyo. To-day whole world desires peace. In my opinion work of Sunday school is doing considerable service in promoting world's peace. It also is beneficial in elevating intellectual and spiritual status of mankind. No one doubts its profound significance and its great mission. Heartily hope present meeting will be attended with undivided success."

Miss Lilias Trotter, for thirty-eight years a missionary in Algeria, Sheik Metry S. Dewairy, an Egyptian Christian of commanding stature, Mr. George Ashkar, vice-chairman for Syria, and Dr. Charles Anderson, spokesman for a South African delegation of thirty, briefly reported for their countries. Dr. Anderson said that in South Africa they had just touched the fringe of the native population, that their work was almost entirely with white children. He brought a great laugh as he added, "Our material is similar to that of England and Scotland, charming, semi-civilized barbarians."

Then followed one of the most eloquent addresses of the convention by Basil Mathews of London, Secretary for Literature of the World's Boys Work Committee of the Y. M. C. A. with headquarters at Geneva, and head of the Literature Committee of the Ministry of Information to the British Government during the war.

Quoting the words of a well-known theological professor, Mr. Matthews said the dominant principle of the twentieth century thought was the conception of solidarity. In a very real sense that was the very foundation of this World Convention. The first outstanding fact of the new world situation was that by the technical miracles of modern science all the nations had become interdependent, and in their interdependence the races had intermingled. The ideas of the world, its feeling about life, were being communicated simultaneously to all people by the cable, the wireless, the daly papers, and the cinema. This interdependence was not simply physical and economic, it was, for many reasons, moral and spiritual. If we supplied each other and employed each other all over the world we had all the moral responsibilities that bound merchant and customer, employed and employer. The moral and spiritual issue ran deeper still. The West by the tremendous expansion of its commercial and industrial system was transforming the very tissue of the life of the world. But they must clear their minds of the illusion that the spread of Western industrialism was in itself a benefit. In this wonderful interdependent world, however, ideas traveled more swiftly than foods and fabrics. Ideas were, on the one hand, the most violent high explosive in the world, or, on the other hand, the most marvelous and active builders of new life out of the ruin. Looking across the world to-day one saw everywhere how the idea of self-determination was transforming political contours. This world-wide, nationalistic, and racial upheaval threatened the peace of the world. There were among the small new nationalities of Europe to-day more men in standing armies than there were before the Great War. We needed a new idea in the world to-day, and that idea was co-operation. That idea was new-born in the swaddling clothes of the League of Nations, but it was still a baby. The idea of co-operation would never be all-powerful in the life of the world until it was backed up by the world-consciousness of humanity, and it would never be backed up by that world-consciousness until, through the Christian education of the Sunday school and the day school, boys and girls had this thought of the brotherhood of man right down in their hidden consciousness. He said, without fear of exaggeration, that the organizations represented by that Convention had it in their power, if they really took off their coats and got together, to stop the next war.

A Liberal Commentary on the Old Testament Narrative

II---Exodus

James S. Stevens

EXODUS 2 : 9, 10. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.

The strange circumstances attending the birth of Moses accord with similar ones related in connection with the birth of many other great men. The events in his early life move on naturally and smoothly until he hears the voice of an angel of the Lord out of a burning bush.

Exodus 3 : 2. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

This has been explained as a peculiar effect of the strong sunlight thrown upon a bush containing vivid leaves or flowers. It would be an easy matter for one in these circumstances to imagine such a phenomenon to be a portent which contained a message from God. The lesson of reverence in which

he was taught to put his shoes from off his feet is a healthful one, and most applicable to the present day. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has made use of this in Aurora Leigh where she says:

> Every common bush afire with God;
> And only he who sees takes off his shoes;
> The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.

Exodus 4 : 2, 3. And the Lord said unto him, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod. And he said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it.

From this point to Chapter 13 there are related a series of supernatural events which culminated in permission to the Israelites to go out of Egypt and to cross over the Red Sea. It is not necessary to discuss these events in detail. It is possible that a series of unusual calamities befell the Egyptians at this time. It is more probable that certain rather ordinary events were magnified into stories of dire calamities which came directly from the hand of God. Attempts to justify the children of Israel in their carrying away of the jewels of the Egyptians are almost ludicrous in their simplicity. (Speak now in the ears of the people, and let every man borrow of his neighbor, and every woman of her neighbor, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. And the Lord gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians. Moreover the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and in the sight of the people. Exodus 11 : 2, 3.)

Reference has been made to the suggested explanation of the crossing of the Red Sea. There is no more propriety in finding a natural explanation for this phenomenon than for the changing of Moses' rod into a serpent.

Exodus 13 : 21, 22. And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night:

He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.

It is quite uncertain whether this relates to some actual meteorological phenomenon which was unusual in its character and thus interpreted by the people as representing miraculous assistance from Jehovah, or whether it is to be explained as a poetical description typifying His guiding hand. From the latter point of view the passage has been frequently used by the poets.

Exodus 14 : 4. And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, that he shall follow after them; and I will be honored upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host: that the Egyptians may know that I am the Lord. And they did so.

This passage affords an excellent illustration of the anthropomorphic notions of God which were held by the Old Testament writers. Volumes of sermons have been written to explain the passage to accord with rational theological ideas. It seems more natural to believe that the writer of the passage pictures Jehovah as alternately hardening the heart of Pharaoh and causing him to relent. This should not be surprising when we consider the fact that Jehovah was believed to be concerned at this time in little else than the departure of the Israelites from Egypt and their coming into the Land of Promise.

Exodus 14 : 27. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

Comments on this passage have been made in connection with another topic. It may be said again that the rational explanation involves a belief on the part of the writer that the events happened just as they are narrated.

Exodus 15 : 1. Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

The song of Moses is a splendid specimen of war poetry and one of the earliest in literature. It pictures the Lord as supreme among the gods and concerned chiefly with the affairs of the Israelites. Many critics think that Miriam with the timbrel led the women in an antiphonal song. This arrangement appears in Moulton's "Literary Study of the Bible."

Exodus 15 : 24, 25. And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?

And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord shewed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.

This and other passages such as the bringing water out of a rock would seem to indicate that Moses appeared to the Israelites to have certain magical powers. It is quite possible that he learned many of the supposed arts of divination from Egyptian teachers and found them useful in his leadership of this troublesome people.

Exodus 16 : 4, 13. Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or no.

And it came to pass, that at even the quails came up, and covered the camp: and in the morning the dew lay round about the host.

The explanation of this passage would seem to be similar to that referring to the pillar of cloud and pillar of fire. Either some natural phenomenon was seized upon to illustrate divine interposition, or a poetic writer chose this method of setting forth the special providence of God. Like the pillar of cloud the manna has represented in all the ages the bread which comes down from heaven and is a type of the spiritual care with which the race is guarded.

Exodus 17 : 6. Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel.

See comments on Exodus 15 : 25.

Exodus 19 : 18-21. And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.

And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.

And the Lord came down upon mount Sinai, on the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up. And the Lord said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish.

The early races of mankind uniformly pictured heaven as a region somewhere in the upper air. This is in accord with the system of astronomy which held that the earth is the fixed center of all things and that the heavenly bodies revolve around it. Naturally, therefore, there would be a region in the upper portions of space which would be a suitable abode for the gods. What Olympus was to the Greeks, Mount Sinai seems to have been for the Children of Israel. Here on several occasions Moses is represented as talking with God face to face. It is interesting to note how the evolution of our individual ideas accords closely with those of the human race. There are few children who fail to start with a conception similar to that of the Hebrews. Heaven is in the region above us and it is our ambition sometime to ascend to it if only to satisfy our curiosity. The heaven which Wordsworth tells us lies about us in our infancy, lay equally definitely about the infancy of the human race. It is a beautiful poetic conception, and has been a theme frequently treated throughout the ages.

Exodus 20. The Commandments.

These are laws which were given to the children of Israel either by a single individual at one time, or by a number of individuals at different times and afterwards brought together. For loftiness of character they probably surpass any similar laws of any other country. The first two are local in their application and grew out of the conception of the Israelites that Jehovah was the supreme God among many gods. In order thoroughly to discourage idol worship the second commandment forbade the making of any graven image. The third commandment is one of the sanest precepts ever given to the human race. Whatever may be our opinion of the method by which the universe came into being every thinking man must recognize the existence of a power outside of and beyond ourselves. The very fact that this power is inconceivable by the human mind makes it all the more rational to insist that we should hold the Omnipotent Name in awe and reverence. The free use of the name of God which is increasingly common at the present time is an unfavorable commentary not only upon our morals but upon our manners. The commandment relating to the Sabbath is based upon the statement that God made heaven and earth and all that in them is in six days and rested upon the seventh. It had, therefore, a local application, and in a strict sense can only appeal to those who accept this method of creation. It is universally recognized, however, that the selection of one day in seven for rest and recreation is a sound economic and sociological procedure. Nearly all nations have been governed by laws which exact honor to parents. The reason given here "that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" has little foundation as a precept of longevity. The commandments which forbade killing, committing adultery, stealing, and bearing false witness are to be found in the laws of most primitive nations. The tenth commandment which relates to covetousness has perhaps the highest ethical tone of them all. Interpreted in its true sense it involves a condition of social relationship which would put an end to most of our industrial difficulties.

There is nothing in these commandments to indicate a supernatural origin. Doubtless the legend which tells us that they came to Moses carved by the finger of God on tablets of stone has done much to add to their impressiveness. The test of laws of this kind, however, is not their origin but their practicability. The plates of gold which Joseph Smith claims to have found buried on a hill near Palmyra, N. Y., have added nothing to the ethics or morality of the race. Doubtless the credulous are impressed by the story of their miraculous origin.

Exodus 21 : 10. If he take him another wife; her food, her raiment, and her duty of marriage shall he not diminish.

Much has been written concerning the practise of polygamy by the ancient Israelites. Suggestions have been made that it was never approved by Jehovah but permitted because of peculiar conditions. An impartial reading of such passages as this should convince one that polygamy was recognized and sanctioned in the Old Testament. There is no difficulty in explaining this if we are willing to adopt the rational theory that the Old Testament is an evolutionary growth in ethics and morals. To the early writers polygamy was a matter of course, and it never occurred to them to suggest that it might not receive the divine sanction.

Exodus 21 : 24, 25. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot,

Burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe.

Nothing more clearly illustrates the evolutionary character of the Old Testament to which reference has just been made than this passage. In one sense, however, it is hardly correct to speak of this as an evolutionary process since the commandment of Jesus was not an outgrowth but a direct violation of this precept. It has been said many times that the Israelites were not prepared for the exalted ethical teachings of Jesus, and that they were given such precepts as they could comprehend and appreciate. If this is another way of saying that the law-givers of Israel represented a comparatively low stage of civilization we have a correct solution. It is not quite rational to believe that the same God who taught us to love our enemies would at another stage of the world's history have taught men this vindictive method of procedure.

Exodus 22 : 18. Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.

This passage has been the foundation for many superstitious and cruel practises throughout the ages. The writer evidently believed strongly in witchcraft. It need hardly be said that without doubt Jehovah did not so believe.

Exodus 22 : 20. He that sacrificeth unto any god, save unto the Lord only, he shall be utterly destroyed.

This is another clear illustration of the belief that Jehovah was supremé among many gods.

Exodus 24 : 9, 10, 11. Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel:

And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness.

And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand: also they saw God, and did eat and drink.

It is difficult to understand how a thoughtful person can read this passage and see in it anything other than a childlike story. It has considerable poetic beauty, although in contrast with the method of seeing God laid down by Jesus it is grossly materialistic. It is a true story in so far as it represents the childish notions of early people. That it ever actually took place is not in harmony with the modern ideas of God which come to us from a study of the vastness of the universe.

Exodus 24 : 18. And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount: and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights.

It is interesting to note that the period of forty days is a common one in connection with early Hebrew legends. It rained forty days at the time of the flood; a drought of forty days took place at the time of Elijah; and Jesus fasted forty days just before the time of his temptation.

Exodus 28 : 30. And thou shalt put in the breastplate of judgment the Urim and the Thummim; and they shall be upon Aaron's heart, when he goeth in before the Lord: and Aaron shall bear the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually.

This passage shows that the Israelites in common with other ancient peoples placed value upon charms. Just what these figures represented it is rather difficult to state, but, without doubt, they had considerable superstitious significance.

Exodus 32 : 1. And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.

The small distinction which was made between the worship of Jehovah and that of the idols of surrounding nations is well illustrated here. Calf worship was common in Egypt and this proceeding was the natural reversion. The colloquy between Moses and Jehovah in which the former repents upon the entreaty of the latter is typical of many similar interviews.

Exodus 32 : 26, 27, 28. And Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him.

And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor.

And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men.

Defoe has commented on this episode as follows: Moses was a merciful meek man; and yet with what fury did he run through the camp, and cut the throats of three and thirty thousand of his dear Israelites that were fallen into idolatry!

It is interesting to note the various characterizations which have become attached to the Old Testament heroes. Job is always spoken of as a patient man notwithstanding the fact that there are few records of more pronounced impatience than he possessed. Of Moses it is said: Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth. (Num. 12 : 3.) Other illustrations of misplaced epithets will doubtless occur to the reader.

Exodus 32 : 32. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin;—and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.

This is one of the finest specimens of aposiopesis to be found in all literature. The speaker turns suddenly from the trend of thought to the consideration of an entirely different proposition.

Exodus 33 : 20-23. And he said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live.

And the Lord said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock:

And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by:

And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen.

This is perhaps the most naive illustration in the Old Testament of the popular estimate of Jehovah. When at the present time we picture him as holding in his hands the limitless universe of space, we smile at the conception which is given us here. Again it must be stated that it is a true piece of writing since there exists no intention to deceive and it expresses correctly the view point of the writer. It is interesting to compare Moses' wish to see God, dictated largely by curiosity, with the statement of Jesus that if one would see God he should keep his heart pure; and also that God is a spirit and should be thus worshiped and reverenced.

Exodus 34 : 29. And it came to pass, when Moses came down from mount Sinai with the two tables of testimony in Moses' hand, when he came down from the mount, that Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with him.

We have here a beautiful allegorical illustration of the fact that the carrying out of lofty purposes is registered in the human countenance. Stephen's face shone like that of an angel when he was delivering his remarkable defense, and the phenomenon is not uncommon even to-day.

Exodus 39 : 30. And they made the plate of the holy crown of pure gold, and wrote upon it a writing,

like to the engravings of a signet, *Holiness to the Lord.*

Throughout the Old Testament records there appear from time to time glimpses of the fact that while the conduct of the Hebrews was often blameworthy and their religious notions very crude there was a definite exaltation of the things which are holy. In Zechariah 14 : 20 we find the statement that a similar inscription shall be placed upon the bells of the horses in the day when Israel shall come into her kingdom.

Murder Most Foul

Frank Oliver Hall

Synopsis of previous chapter: A theological student has been reluctantly persuaded to preach on Christmas Sunday in a farming community in Massachusetts. He is informed that he will be put up for the night by one of the church members whose name is Mr. Murder. In the act of cashing a check before leaving the city he notices that he is observed by a disreputable looking individual whom he finds watching him again in the train. He waits more than an hour at the country station where he expected his host to meet him and he is finally accosted by a man whom he saw greet the suspected villain as he descended from the train.

"MY name is Murder," he went on to say, "and I suppose you're to stop with me over Sunday. You must excuse my keepin' you waitin', but I'm allus very busy on Saturday night. But if you will come with me now we will start for home right off." With that he moved toward the door, and his halting step convinced me that I had made no mistake, but that this was really the man whom I had seen in the first part of the evening talking with the evil-looking person from Boston. Should I go with him? Might this not be a trick to get me into the woods and rob me or perhaps murder me? But how could these men have learned that my name was Hall, and that I was to stop with a man named Murder? And had not the senior told me that Murder was not a beautiful man, and smiled, when he said it, in a significant way? Perhaps this was the explanation. Suppose I should refuse to go with him and he turn out to be the right man after all! I should never hear the last of it at college. No, I must see the affair through now, whatever might come of it.

All of this time I had been following my limping guide across the station, up through a by-street, a turn to the right, one to the left, and then suddenly we came on to the main street of the city, aglow with the light of street lamps and store windows. It was Christmas Eve and everybody was out. Men and women went by with baskets on their arms, turkeys' legs and brown paper parcels sticking from their overflowing tops. A man and little boy passed carrying a goose, each having hold of one leg, while the head flopped against the walk. They took up two-thirds of the walk, but everybody seemed good-natured and made room for them. My guide paid no attention to any one, but picked his way through the crowd to where an express wagon stood loaded with firkins, boxes, and bundles.

"Step right in, please," he said, pointing to a seat, and proceeded to unfasten a large, rawboned horse that seemed as tall as a man. I think it was the tallest horse I ever saw outside a menagerie. The horse made his way carefully through the crowd of teams, and shortly the driver turned him from the main street and we passed into a dark and uninviting road, running off at right angles. There was little snow on the ground; I could occasionally see patches of it, but there was not enough for sleighing, and the ground was frozen hard. The wagon plunged and pitched and rattled on the clods and crunched through frozen patches of snow, while the horse tore ahead at such a reckless speed that it required all my attention to retain my seat. The night was cloudy and as dark as darkness could make it. I expected every moment that the wagon would bring up against a tree or a fence, but the horse never hesitated. Up hill and down, he never slackened his speed. A jug began to dance in the back of the wagon. Soon a box joined in. The driver reached back into the darkness, and after fumbling about for a moment made things stationary again.

But this did not last. Soon everything began to dance; but our speed never diminished. If possible, it increased. It seemed as though the bottom of the wagon must be knocked out. The driver kept fumbling and grabbing and arranging in the dark. I made no effort to assist him. I had my hands full to retain my seat. Although the horse went like the wind, that was the longest ride I ever took. The senior had said that we were to drive ten miles. It seemed to me that we had covered at least twenty, when suddenly the speed slackened, and, turning short to the left, the horse began to pick his way. Five minutes later a dog began to bark and I saw the dark outline of a house and barn. The horse stopped with a jerk.

"Well, we've got here at last," said my guide, and, jumping from the seat, limped to the back of the wagon and began to unload. I clambered down, fished my satchel from under the seat, and, my guide by this time having his arms full of bundles, I followed him into the house.

It was evidently a farmhouse of the poorest kind. There was no step at the back door, but a box answered the purpose. We passed through the kitchen into the dining room. A kerosene lamp burned dimly on a mantel over the fireplace, and by its light and the faint glow of the smouldering fire I could see something of the room. It was bare and unwelcome, furnished with a rough table, a few chairs, an old lounge, a sewing machine, and a few cheap chromos and advertisements on the wall. There was no one in the room. An ugly-looking bulldog had followed me into the house and began to sniff me over. The lame man threw his bundles on the lounge, and as he removed his coat remarked: "You must excuse our looks to-night. My woman's father has had a bad turn and she has gone to nuss him; but there's a gal here who'll give us something to eat, I guess. She'll

be in in a minute. I must look after the hoss." With that he plunged once more into the darkness.

I laid my coat and satchel on a chair, and drawing another to the fire began to warm myself and meditate. The smoke got into my eyes and there was not warmth enough to do any good, so I sat and shivered and ached.

In the course of five or ten minutes a young woman came into the room. She was a long-drawn-out specimen of the country girl. She wore a calico dress that hung to her as if it had half a mind to let go, and a pair of old slippers that thumped against the floor as she walked; but for all this her face was not disagreeable, and she wore a doleful, woe-begone expression that excited my sympathy. I said, "Good evening." She returned the salutation with a bashful courtesy and began to place some food on the table. She poured two cups of coffee, produced some bread and meat, cut a pumpkin pie, and then left the room. Soon the lame man came in, and drawing a chair to the table invited me to do the same. I was hungry and went immediately to work. There was no conversation. I had nothing to say and my host made no attempt to say anything until we had finished, when he said, "Well, I suppose you're tired and want to turn in," to which I expressed my assent; and so pushing back his chair he called, "Sarah, git a lamp." There was a movement in the kitchen and presently Sarah appeared, looking meeker than ever, with a lighted lamp in her hand. This the man took roughly and without comment, and started toward the door. I seized my satchel with the two precious sermons in it and followed. He led me across the hall, through what was evidently the parlor, for it was carpeted, and into a bedroom off the parlor, likewise carpeted, and having quite a respectable appearance. He set the lamp on the bureau, said "Good night," and went out.

I tossed my satchel into a corner, sat down in a chair near the window, and fell to thinking. I felt decidedly lonesome. This was the first Christmas Eve that I had ever spent away from home, for, however far away I might have been, I had always managed to get back for the holidays. Surely this was not a Christmas to be remembered with joy. Here I was in a perfectly strange country, in a house that I never saw before, and stopping with a man who laid claim to the name of Murder and looked the character that the name implied. Whether these two men, Murder and the man of the bank, had formed a plot to rob me it was impossible to say. Indeed, I did not feel at all sure that this man was Murder. What was to prevent his chloroforming me in the night, taking that roll of bills, carrying me to some lonely place, and there leaving me? What was to prevent his murdering me, and burying me in his very dooryard? Nobody would ever discover what had become of me.

The more I thought about it the more it looked like the well-laid plot of two villains to obtain that money, and I had been just fool enough to walk into it with my eyes open. What should I do? Of one thing I felt sure—that girl was not in the plot. She was evidently a weak person, but not a bad one. Should I appeal to her and ask assistance?

I had actually started from my seat with that purpose in view when I thought how foolish I was. The idea of a strong man appealing to a weak girl for assistance was too absurd. And then suppose that it should turn out that this man was really Murder after all and a good citizen, how cheap I would feel. Or suppose I should start to find the girl and run into the man himself, what could I say or do? No, I could not look for help, I must depend upon myself, so I determined to take every precaution. I looked at the window and was much relieved to find that I could step directly from it into the yard. Thus encouraged, I removed my coat and shoes, and without further preparation wrapped myself in a quilt and lay down. I could not have gone to sleep if I had wished—I was too nervous. But I did not want to, so I lay there with the lamp turned down and thought of everything horrible that I had ever heard or read. Stories of mysterious murders that I ought long ago to have forgotten coursed through my brain in troops. I grew more wakeful and nervous every moment. Each sound made me start, and once when a blind slammed I sprang from the bed and seized a chair for defense.

Then I called myself a fool again and lay down determined to go to sleep at once. I resolutely refused to entertain the horrible thoughts that tried to come back, and by dint of much will power at last actually began to doze.

I have no idea how long I had slept when I was aroused by a terrific scream and two distinct cries of "Murder!" I sat up in bed with a start. The noise came from directly over my head. There was a sound of crying and sobbing. Then I heard the deep, angry tones of a man—the muffled screams of a woman—a fall, a scuffle, and then—silence. I was awake by this time, as you may suppose. I arose softly and groped about for my coat. The lamp was burned out and it was pitchy dark. I noticed that it was very cold. I found the coat and put it on, then groped around for the door, found it, and undertook to open it softly. Did you ever try to open a door softly at midnight? First you push it gently, and it yells and groans as if possessed by a demon. Then in a moment of desperation you give it a violent shove, there is one wild scream, enough to wake an Egyptian mummy, and it is all over. Well, that was my experience. It seemed as if I must have aroused the house; but I held my breath for a minute and, hearing no sound, stepped into the parlor.

I had made up my mind as to the cause of the outcry. The girl had started to give me warning and had been caught in the act. She had certainly been assaulted, perhaps killed. Those cries of "murder" and those muffled sobs rang in my ears and I determined to go to the rescue of the girl so brave in my defense.

I groped about the parlor, trying to find the door. I had thought that the room was sparsely furnished. I now discovered that it was actually overflowing with chairs, tables, lounges, and stools. When I at last found the door I discovered it with the end of my nose. It was standing open and I clasped it as if it were a long-lost brother. As I stopped to feel of my injured organ with the end of my finger, I heard a sound. Some one had begun to descend the stairs.

I held my breath and listened. Slowly and firmly came the tread. The stair creaked as if under a heavy weight. I reached behind me and grasped a chair, determined to defend myself if the man turned toward the parlor. Down came the step—reached the bottom of the stairs—hesitated—and then turned and went into the kitchen. What could it mean? A sudden thought struck me. Could it be that the girl had been murdered and the assassin was carrying the body out of doors to dispose of it? I stood horror-stricken at the thought. In a moment I fumbled in my pocket and found a match. The sound of the steps had become inaudible in the yard, so now I dared to light the match. Of course I had but one, and of course I dropped that. I got down on my knees and groped about the floor. Here—there—no match. Out into the hall I went. Surely the thing could not have gone as far as this. Ah-h-h! what was that? Something wet and sticky. Could it be blood? The very thought made me faint. Oh, I must find that match. At last here it is. A scratch, a little blue blaze. Oh, how slowly it burns. At last a blaze, and there was my hand red with blood. Great God! All my worst fears had come true. I was in the house of a murderer. He had already killed a weak woman and was at that very moment disposing of her body. And soon he would return to finish his bloody work on me.

But he should not find me so easy a victim. I returned to my room. For a moment I thought of getting out of the window and undertaking to find my way back to the station, or at least to some house. But I immediately saw that this would be the height of foolishness, and determined to run no such risk of coming into contact with the villain or his vicious dog. I went to the window, locked it, locked the door, drew the bureau against it, armed myself with a chair, and awaited developments.

In a few moments I heard footsteps in the yard, from there into the kitchen, then into the dining room they came—heavy and limping; and I imagined the murderer, armed to the teeth, to be coming straight for my room. But when the steps got into the hall, instead of crossing into the parlor, they turned and went upstairs. I could hear them above my head for a time and then all was still.

I do not know whether I was more surprised or relieved—I had so certainly expected an encounter. After a few minutes I threw myself on the bed and lay there listening, with every nerve strained, to catch any movement above, but none came. Once when a tree outside creaked and groaned, I thought myself assaulted and sprang from the bed. But soon I became convinced that nothing more was to be feared, for a while at least, and as I had endured so much through the day and night, it is not strange that I fell into an exhausted sleep.

From this I was aroused by a loud knock at the door, and sprang up to find it broad daylight. The gruff voice of Murder said "Breakfast," and immediately I heard that limping step cross the parlor and pass into the kitchen. I threw off my coat and prepared to wash. As I passed the bureau I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass and stopped in wonder. I looked as haggard as if I had been through a fit of sickness. But I succeeded in removing some of the marks of sleeplessness and anxiety, and as Murder had seen me only in the night, I hoped that my appearance would pass without remark. But how should I meet this man whom I had discovered in a crime? Should I be able to conceal my feelings? I must, until I got out of the house; but once free, I would denounce him and bring him to justice.

I moved the bureau from the door as quietly as possible, and, screwing my courage to the sticking point, proceeded to the dining room. There before the fireplace sat Murder, as cool as if he had done nothing worse in his life, and—no—yes—that book on his knee was the Bible. Well, of all the hard-hearted wretches in the world! As I came in he looked up and said: "I was just a-readin' that story about the first Christmas. I don't know whether I jest swaller all of it or not; but if it's all true, the wickedest feller in this world was that old Herod." Trying to appease his own bloody conscience, thought I, by reading of some one more wicked than himself. "Well," he said, as he limped to the mantelpiece and placed the book upon it, "breakfast is all ready. *The gal has gone away.* She's a Catholic, you know, and walks five miles to mass every Sunday morning," and with that he actually looked up and grinned.

(*To be continued.*)

An Institute for a Christian Basis in International Relations

A. Gertrude Earle

"IF we were to express our attitude toward this Institute by a symbol," said Miss Rhoda McCullogh, "it would undoubtedly be this," and she placed upon the blackboard an *interrogation point!*

The scene was the opening session of the Institute whose pretentious name heads this article—a class-room in Rockefeller Hall, Vassar College, on Saturday, June 14, 1924. Nearly two hundred people were assembled, coming from eleven countries and nineteen states of our own land. At least three explanations of the calling of this Institute have been offered. "It was suggested by C. O. P. E. C.," said one man, "It is frankly an imitation of the Williamstown Political Institute," said another, while probably the truest account of the matter is that after Mrs. Henry Peabody witnessed the Student Volunteer Convention at Indianapolis last fall, she said, "Our women ought to get together to discuss just these things."

Two of us had confided to each other, as we strolled about the campus before this first session, that we had many forebodings as to the value of the Institute because no program had been sent out and no imposing array of speakers announced. Now Miss McCullogh is saying: "People have asked for our program and we have told them that we had none. What Professor Sheffield and I are going to do is to pull the program out of you." She pointed to the three

blackboards in front of us, gave Professor Sheffield some chalk and declared, "We're off!"

But who is Rhoda McCullogh? A thin slip of a woman in a simple straight-lined gown. Nobody has introduced her nor described her qualifications for the job, but we soon discover the latter. The breezy manner and boyish grace of a schoolgirl, the poise of a woman accustomed to lead and teach, the abundant vocabulary of a real student, the picturesque phrasing that arrests attention, and the certainty of the goal that carries her straight to her point. She tells us how, during an absence from home, two partitions were taken down in her apartment and describes the effect on herself. "It made a different home of it, and it made a different person of me. Now our work in this Institute is to *bust partitions* in order to make different people out of ourselves."

Then she asked us to tell what we hoped to get in coming to this Institute. There was a moment of breathless pause, then the answers began to come and Professor Sheffield wrote them on the blackboard. Presently two boards were filled. Now it was obviously a trained social worker who spoke, now just an earnest soul who knew little but loved much. Then the answers began to come more slowly. Miss McCullogh attempted to classify and consolidate. "Can we group all these answers under a few heads?" she asked. But the members of the Institute answered, not the two people on the platform. "Do you all agree?" she would ask, and every criticism or objection received due respect. By and by there were three topics that seemed to include all the rest.

1. Developing the resources of world co-operation.

2. Race relations within and without the United States.

3. Economic relationships.

Slips were passed and each member registered her choice of theme for the next day's forums, and the Institute was divided into three discussion groups. It was difficult to make a choice, for everybody wanted to hear everything. "Don't take this decision too seriously," said Miss McCullogh. "It isn't going to *jell* for the whole week." And so it proved. The three forums were held next day, then we came together to report on findings. On the basis of these reports, we started all over again. Our thought should be directed in this order:

1. Barriers to international co-operation—racial, economic, political. 2. Resources for world co-operation. 3. Where can we take hold? (1) As individuals, (2) as organizations which we represent.

So the program of the Vassar Institute was made. "Had you ever seen anything done just this way?" I asked my confidante of the afternoon. "Never," was her reply. "Where are your forebodings now?" "Gone," she said, and for us both they *stayed gone!*

The method of carrying out the program was practically the same each day. From 9 to 10.30 four small discussion groups meeting separately but with the same topic. At 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. the whole group meeting together to listen to experts. At 8 p. m. reports on the findings for the day given to the whole group, and an inspirational or informing address from some special speaker.

All discussions were absolutely free. The distinguished people present, like Mr. Will Irwin, Professor Ely of Vassar, Professor Hull of Swarthmore, Professor Sheffield of Wellesley, Dr. Hope of Morehead College, sat in with the others in the small groups, but assumed no privileges because of their positions. The leaders held people to the subject in hand and classified and co-ordinated opinions. Whenever a question arose as to order of procedure or relevance of testimony, it was decided by the group and not by the leader. For example: One evening just at closing time, some one asked that two men who had differed sharply in a discussion group be given an opportunity to debate their difference in the presence of the Institute. "When shall we find time for it?" asked the chairman. "Right now," came the response from several. "Shall we postpone the time of adjournment and hear their debate now? How many are in favor?" The show of hands was an overwhelming one, and we stayed right then to hear Professor Hull of Swarthmore and Dr. Fitch, a missionary to China for twenty-five years, debate the question of using the Big Stick in American relations with other nations.

Three days were spent on the discussion of racial, economic, and political barriers to international co-operation. Experts addressed us on the resources for world co-operation, such as the League of Nations, the World Court, and the new Disarmament Treaty prepared by an American group and just accepted for submission to the nations by the Council of the League of Nations. Mr. Will Irwin spoke on "Propaganda," showing how it is a hindrance to real interracial understanding and co-operation.

On the fourth day, the Institute regrouped its membership according to affiliation with different organizations. Five groups resulted—Mission Boards, Young Women's Christian Association, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, civic organizations, and the educational group. These newly-formed groups approached the whole theme from a different angle, answering the question, "Where can we take hold?" On the last day, each group reported, stating definite things the organization may do to remove barriers and help toward world co-operation.

Miss McCullogh closed the Institute in a few stirring words in which she defined the heart of religion as experience of God, and a faith in a Divine Purpose for all the varying elements of humanity. "What do we mean when we pray 'Thy kingdom come'?" she asked. "We are praying for a world in which all may have fullest opportunity, where all may participate in the building of the kingdom." Then she told us what had come to her out of the week. "Is my experience of God weak? Then I must put myself in the full stream of conflicting differences, for it is there that God is building His world, and there that I shall find Him."

Upon this high note, the Vassar Institute ended. Here, so we saw, was the Christian Basis for International Relations—in the recognition that God's kingdom comes when each man and each race and each nation, all contributing, all participating, in understanding and appreciation each one of every other one, share in the building of that kingdom.

"Seeking Again Those Hills"

Florence I. Adams

THE solution of the vacation problem, for me, is usually found in staying at home. But this year I resolved to go where I could see hills—real hills—lots of them, with more hills beyond, and still more beyond them. I grew up among the hills of Vermont, and I get desperately homesick for them. I often say over to myself those verses by Witter Bynner:

Name me no names for my disease,
With uninforming breath;
I tell you I am none of these,
But homesick unto death,—

Homesick for hills that I had known,
For brooks that I had crossed,
Before I met this flesh and bone
And followed and was lost.

Perhaps it broke my heart at last,
But name no name of ills;
Say only, "Here is where he passed,
Seeking again those hills."

I wanted to do something that would require the minimum of effort on my own part, either while getting ready or while I was away, and I wanted to be out doors, so a personally conducted motor trip seemed most likely to meet all the requirements. There are several companies in Boston running such tours, but I happened to begin my inquiries with Marsters, where I found what I wanted, so I looked no farther.

This is not an advertisement for Marsters. Very likely I would have been just as well satisfied if I had gone to any one of the other companies. I don't know about that, but I do know that this trip was exactly what it was advertised to be. The car was very comfortable, the driver was competent and careful, we stayed at good hotels where we had good rooms and good food, and the route took us through scenery of surpassing beauty.

Every promise was kept to the letter and in spirit—even to the assurance given me by the man of whom I bought my tickets that the driver was a nice fellow. He was a very nice fellow, and so was the other young man, also a driver for the company, who was with us for the first three days of the trip.

It was at 8.30 on June 24 that my sister and I embarked in the "Mohawk"—which is what Marsters' big cars are called—from the Hotel Westminster. We had speculated occasionally about our fellow passengers. My sister wondered if the men would smoke. I predicted that there wouldn't be any men, that the party would consist entirely of middle-aged spinsters like ourselves. We hoped that, whatever else they might be, they would be passably agreeable. One fussy person, for whom nothing is ever quite right, can spoil the pleasure of a lot of perfectly nice people. Most objectionable of all, to me, is the person who talks all the time. On such a trip I want to be left in peace to enjoy the scenery and my thoughts.

Our anxiety was unnecessary. Among the attractions advertised is "the pleasant company of congenial people," and here too the company kept its word. It was an ideal party, made up as follows: On the front seat the two drivers, on the second seat my sister and myself, on the third and fourth seats nobody, on the rear seat one lone man—five people in an imposing limousine built to carry nineteen. Later in the season no doubt the cars will be full, and we congratulated ourselves often that we had chosen to go early.

While it could not have been very profitable for the company, it was delightful for us. A friend had advised me to be sure to "crab an end seat." I could have had half a dozen end seats if I could have occupied them all. We could move about as we pleased. Wherever we looked there was nothing to obstruct the view. There was no one who couldn't stand a draft and had to have the windows closed. The man in the back seat was too far away to count, and he evidently shared our objection to much talking, for our conversation with him during the entire trip consisted of an exchange of "good-mornings" each day.

We talked a little now and then with the two drivers, who called each other "Howard" and "Bob." We found them courteous and friendly and we liked them very much. They drive for Marsters up here in the summer and in Florida in the winter, and some of their comments on their experiences were interesting and amusing. Howard said he never gets tired of the trips, though he goes over the same ground many times. "And," he added, "it's a great position to study human nature."

The first day's journey was through New Hampshire, and beyond Concord we began to see the hills for which we longed. It was raining when we left Lincoln the next morning, but it kindly stopped long enough for us to go up the Flume, and by the time we reached the top we could see that Howard was right when he said we were fortunate to have it cool and cloudy.

It was disappointing when we went through Bethlehem to see only fog and cloud where there should have been a range of mountains, but we enjoyed riding in the rain. Since New Hampshire has standard time we had to wait at Littleton more than an hour for lunch, and it rained so hard that there was nothing to do but sit in the hotel parlor and read about the Democratic Convention. As Marsters was not responsible for the weather or the Convention we did not complain.

Early in the afternoon we crossed into Vermont, and instantly the hills looked more beautiful to me than any we had yet seen, though I suppose if I had not seen the Connecticut winding between I could not have told which were Vermont hills and which New Hampshire. We had glorious views of the Green Mountains, near and far, all the afternoon, and I feasted my eyes on them and was perfectly happy.

I have never seen anything more beautiful than the picture which met our eyes as we came suddenly out at the head of Lake Willoughby, with Mount

Pisgah rising straight from the water's edge on one side and Mount Hor on the other. They were one mountain once, apparently, and something scooped out a place in the middle for the lake. The landlord at the Willoughby Hotel told us that geologists say it was a glacier that did the scooping. The sun came out as we rode along the side of the lake, giving the finishing touch to a picture of unforgettable loveliness.

Wallace Nutting calls Willoughby the queen of Vermont lakes, "flanked by twin cleft cliffs rising to mountain dignity, surrounded by birches 'divinely tall and most divinely fair,' colored with a richness no gem can rival." "If merit alone be considered," he says, "Willoughby should be haunted by thousands, where one now gazes on her as she casts aside her morning drapery of haze or clothes herself in the colors of sunset."

I wondered that there was not a hotel or a summer cottage on every available spot, but I was selfishly glad that the crowds had not found the place before I saw it. The small hotel where we stopped was pleasant and homelike and we had a lovely view of the lake from our room. After dinner we took a long walk through the woods by the water, where it seemed as though we were the only living creatures in the world, except the birds singing over our heads and a skunk that strolled across the road just ahead of us. Then we went to our room and sat by the windows in the heavenly stillness watching a glorious sunset slowly fade over the hills across the lake.

It was hard to leave that lovely spot in the morning, but the thought of more beautiful things to come consoled us. It was clear and cold when we started, but I let down my window so I could get all the Vermont air possible before we left the state.

There was quite a long delay at the Canadian Customs, and Howard said when he got back into the car that the official argued with him half an hour about whether or not he ever booked passengers who were not United States citizens, and then did not take the trouble to come out and ask us if we were citizens.

Though we saw few hills in Canada the ride was made beautiful by the wild flowers. For miles and miles the fields on either side were brilliant with the yellow of buttercups or the deep burnt orange of the devil's paintbrush, and the air was sweet with clover.

Crossing the Victoria Bridge into Montreal was interesting and seemingly somewhat precarious, since the Mohawk was more than half the width of the entire roadway, but we reached the hotel without mishap. Friday was a day of rest for the Mohawk and its driver, but our tickets included two sightseeing trips, an automobile tour around the city in the morning and a tallyho ride to Mount Royal in the afternoon.

I always feel sorry for the guides on such trips, repeating the same feeble jokes day after day. The one on the morning trip did not tell us much that was interesting. I did not care whether the church we were passing was St. Paul's Methodist Church or St. Patrick's Catholic Church, but that was about all we heard. The only really interesting information of a historical nature that we got anywhere in Canada was soon after we crossed the line, when Howard pointed to a monument on a hill and said that was "where Lord Dufferin, whoever Lord Dufferin may be, had some kind of a fight some time or other."

We made three stops on this morning ride—to visit Notre Dame Church, "the largest fur store in the world," and a jewelry store. The church was beautiful and interesting. The "million and a half dollars worth of furs" in the store may have been worth that amount, but I would not have taken the finest coat there as a gift if I had had to take with it the odor of moth balls that pervaded the place. The jewelry store came at the end of the trip, so my sister and I did not go in, but sought a ten-cent store instead, where we thought we would feel more at home.

We had some difficulty in locating the starting point of the tallyho trip. Even the employees of the company operating it were very vague in their ideas about it. When we found it at last a voluble young man explained that this is, with one exception, the only tallyho trip in America, and if they stand on the street all the tourists want to ride with them and the other sightseeing companies complain that they can't make a living, and they go down to city hall, and they have more votes, etc., etc. So they have to assemble their party secretly on a side street and then produce the tallyho from its hiding place. Just why the secret had to be kept so carefully from the would-be passengers we could not quite make out, but the ride was well worth the energy we expended on the search, though it seemed odd to be riding behind horses again and I felt as though we ought to get out and walk up the long steep hills, as we used to do in Vermont.

The day in Montreal was the most tiring of the trip, and we were glad to get back into the comfortable Mohawk on Saturday morning. Howard had gone back to Boston so the party was reduced to four. Bob and Howard had warned us that we would not get back into the United States as easily as we got out, and had thrown out dark hints about the customs officials being more suspicious of women than of men which did not seriously alarm us. But when we saw that Bob really thought we might be delayed at Rouse's Point we began to wonder what would happen, and then nothing happened. We must have simply radiated respectability, for the inspector did not even glance at us or look into the car. He went to the baggage compartment in the rear, gave each bag a shake, and that was all. Bob remarked, in a relieved tone, as we started on, "I thought he might be fussy, but he wasn't." When the officials *are* fussy and the car is full of passengers, it means a long delay.

Now we came back to the hills—my own Green Mountains first, misty and dim, but ever beautiful, across the lake. I watched them till our road turned away from Lake Champlain, and then for the rest of the day and the next morning we had the company of the Adirondacks. Nothing can ever take the place in my heart of the green hills of Vermont, but I found the Adirondacks wholly satisfying. The beauty of the ride from Plattsburg to Elizabethtown and from Elizabethtown to Saratoga the next morning makes a picture in my memory that I shall always keep.

A trip through Ausable Chasm was included in the itinerary for Saturday afternoon. It was just as

wonderful and beautiful as when I used to go there from Vermont years ago. And not all the wonder and the beauty is in the majestic cliffs and the falls and rapids of the stream that runs between them. From every tiny chink and crevice grow the most beautiful ferns of many kinds. Overhanging cliffs fifty feet high are green with them, hanging head down. Tiny fronds of maidenhair push their way through almost invisible cracks. On a ledge just above our heads were wild strawberries, with blossoms and ripe berries on the same plant. It is many a year since I picked a wild strawberry, and I looked at them longingly. Only the fact that they were just out of reach enabled me to resist temptation.

Elizabethtown, surrounded by beautiful hills, was another place where it would have been easy to stay awhile, but the Mohawk was ready for us at 8.30 Sunday morning, and we went on our way, past Schroon Lake, Loon Lake, Lake George and many smaller lakes, with wonderful mountain views on all sides. As I looked at the summer hotels, cottages, gift shops, etc., clustered around these lakes, and the constant stream of automobiles, I thought of the peace and solitude of that lovely wooded road along the side of Lake Willoughby, and knew in which place I would choose to stay.

New York has a different color scheme from that of Northern Vermont and Canada. There the fields and hillsides were yellow and burnt orange with buttercups and devil's paintbrush, here they were blue with lupin and blueweed.

Sunday night was spent in Williamstown, and on Monday morning we started for home *via* the Mohawk Trail. The day was clear, and again we gazed at hills to our hearts' content, and oh, how hard it was to leave them behind!

It was with great reluctance that we said good-by to Bob and the Mohawk. In their company we had had a most delightful week, and we wanted to start out again with them the next morning. I shall take that trip again some day, I shall go early in the season, and I hope either Bob or Howard will drive the car.

Talks with Toilers

V---The Towboat Captain

Edward H. Cotton

THE story of the pilots, which was published last week, and that of the towboat captains go together, for the two men must often co-operate. Therefore we follow this week with this interview.

Three towboats were moored side by side at the end of the dock: the Mars, the Saturn, and the Taurus, with the Taurus the outside boat. Since the captain of the Taurus was the man with whom I wished to talk, I climbed over the two inside boats, dropped to the deck, and going forward found the captain eating supper in the galley. A person does not like to be interrupted in the midst of a good meal such as the cook had prepared that evening, so I went astern and sat down on the grating where the towing hawsers were coiled, to wait for the captain.

How pleasant it was out there in the harbor! On such a day the poet Lowell had been inspired to write that immortal stanza beginning—

"And what is so rare as a day in June!"

A westerly breeze just filled the sails of a passing fishing sloop. A ferryboat with a few early passengers from offices in the city glided by. A scow deep-loaded with gravel was being pushed slowly up the harbor, against the tide, by a towboat made fast to her port quarter. Across the harbor, in the Navy Yard, gray warships were being dismantled.

This was the life to live—out of doors, in the stir of the romance and adventure of the sea. Stevenson, Clark Russell, Victor Hugo, Kipling, and Conrad, all writers of genius, have tried their hands at sea-stories, taking their material from just such scenes. Where others saw only the toilsome and commonplace, they saw the thrilling, the romantic, and the idealistic. It was a scene for an imaginative writer, for up and down the docks or afloat in the harbor was a variety of shipping, from the full-rigged ship of ancient model to the mammoth ocean-liner into the construction of which had gone the latest knowledge of shipbuilding and convenience for ocean travel.

Presently the captain came sauntering aft, sat down beside me, and crossed his knees. Here was a character, too, to put into that story, a man who had followed the sea for more than half a century, a quiet, softly-speaking little man, but in whose eyes one saw resolution and good judgment in an emergency. Get his confidence and he could give a novelist enough adventures for a book.

"I have been on the water all my life," he began, "first with fishing vessels, later with the towboats; and my father and uncle followed the same career. My son is a towboat captain. So you see the seafaring business runs in the family. I have been towing in this harbor and along the coast for forty-five years, and ought to know something of the occupation. I've seen the business develop from a few little boats, individually owned, to a large fleet of powerful tugs, some ocean-going, and all controlled by companies. There isn't a captain in the harbor now who is towing on his own account. He couldn't make a dollar."

The captain was just up from a satisfying supper; consequently, he was in a mood for an interview. Besides, the seat was comfortable and the day was pleasant—minor matters, to be sure, but they help loosen the tongue.

Observing the bitts, a few feet forward of where we were sitting, to which the towing cable is made fast, I asked about the construction, assuming that they must reach down through the deck and be bolted to the keel.

"They are bolted to the deck only," he replied. "If they were bolted to the keel, they would be too stiff. There must be a certain give when the tow bites up. But you see we have two iron pipes running up from the keel and supporting the base. That was

my idea." He walked forward, raised a grating, and showed me the manner of the work.

"We use steel cable for a towline when we can get it; steel handles better than manila, only one needs a drum to roll it on. In harbor work we keep the tows rather close, but out in the open sea more line is paid out, until sometimes the last tow is a mile back of us. Captains differ about the length of a towline, but most use a long one, for the barges come along better. Once in a while the hawser gets caught in the propeller. Then there is trouble. But captains who are careful are usually able to keep the line clear. Of course we have a code of whistles which enables us to keep in touch with our barges, to let them know, for instance, when and where we want them to anchor."

"Your boat is powerfully built."

"Powerfully built, and it has a powerful engine. Our business is to furnish power for whatever comes along, whether it is a light barge that slips easily through the water or an ocean-liner with a thousand passengers on board and the hold full of freight. She has to be very strongly timbered. We are always smashing up against docks and other boats, and sometimes we get nipped, when you would think she would be crushed like an egg-shell, but somehow she manages to squeeze herself free. We carry a crew of seven—captain, mate, engineer, two firemen, cook, and deck-hand—and are ready for any job in any weather. Storms and heavy seas don't often stop us when work is to be done. Business is business. Owners of large cargoes want the consignment as soon as possible; liners must dock on time. If our company will not take the chance, another company will—and there you are. But come forward to the wheel-house."

We went past the engine-room, climbed an outside ladder to the upper deck, and entered the house. It was large and comfortable and was furnished with bunk, desk, stools, chronometer, burnished brasses that shone like mirrors, a spirit binnacle, and a beautiful little mahogany wheel.

"She steers by steam," he remarked, rolling shavings of tobacco in his hands and filling a clay pipe, "and we have an emergency wheel aft. I had to have that binnacle adjusted a while ago—she was not pointing true—and I noticed the spirits were leaking away." He of course referred to the liquid in which the compass floated, though he might have made a more ghostly allusion, because the needle, pointing unerringly north under all conditions, might well be controlled by supernatural agencies.

Bright sunshine streamed into the house, he placidly smoked his clay pipe, and we watched the passing shipping, the captain explaining the different craft.

"The harbor is full of freak boats made during the war," he lamented. "There goes one now. You never saw a model like it. The city bought it from the Government and uses it for transportation of freight and prisoners to the prison on the island. That ferryboat just leaving the slip has a propeller on both ends and makes almost no wake, but we have one or two old side-wheelers in the harbor which leave a wash back of them that would rock a Cunarder."

He walked over to the desk, opened a day book, and made a few entries. "We have no hours in this business," he remarked. "Here we are, waiting for a liner which was due at one o'clock; it is now nearly five. A thick fog is holding her outside. She won't dock until six."

"I will keep an appointment and return," I said. "I want to see you dock the vessel."

When I got back to the Taurus, I found the crew with the captain sitting on the grating of the after deck, waiting for the liner. The captain had changed his khaki shirt for white shirt and collar, for the liner was a notable one, with persons of consequence on board. In true seaman fashion the men were grumbling at the delay. They watched three towboats belonging to another company steam across the harbor to their night quarters—those crews had finished their day and could go home.

Pretty soon the keen eyes of the old captain detected a funnel away down back of the islands. The others laughed at him. But his eyes, the oldest in the group, had not deceived him, and presently all of us saw the red stack slowly coming from behind a green mound. At once the attitude of the men changed; as happy as children over the appearance of the long-delayed boat, they jested with each other, and exchanged stories of adventures in towboating.

Fifteen minutes later the three towboats were under way and steaming down the harbor to meet the Scythia. She was a great tall ship of twenty thousand tons, with lofty black sides which, from the low deck of the towboat, towered upward toward the sky like a mountain precipice; and in addition there was a depth of thirty feet under water. The vessel hailed from New York, would stop in the harbor a few hours to take on freight and passengers, and would then clear for Liverpool. She had on board the greater part of the American delegation to the World Power Conference, a conference having for its purpose a discussion of the relation of power to progress and civilization. The Conference would be held in London the following month. The passengers as they leaned over the rail and gazed languidly down at the pigmy boats, seen by us at that unusual angle, looked like unreal people.

The Scythia slackened speed, the little boats ranged alongside, two on her starboard bow, one on the starboard quarter, and a fourth, which had joined us, on the port quarter, lines were tossed aboard, and the delicate process of docking commenced. It is here that pilots and towboat men must work in close co-operation; and it is here that much of that criticism I had heard on the after deck of the Taurus gets it material. The pilot has entire command of ship and towboats. Sometimes he orders the captains to take, in their estimation, a wrong position. He orders them to go back when they should go ahead, and to go ahead when they know they should go back. The first question the towboat captain asks when he is assigned a vessel to dock is, "Who is the pilot?" An error in judgment on the pilot's part may get the towboat in an extremely perilous position. For instance, if another ship is in the dock, and wind and tide are bearing the docking liner away from her wharf and down on the other vessel, the towboat may

suddenly find herself in the position of the nut in the nutcracker.

The pilot is thinking of docking his ship; the captains are thinking of their boats. In case of accident, feeling is likely to be engendered. The pilots know all the captains, and the captains know all the pilots, and each has his opinion of the other's skill or lack of it.

In the case of the Scythia she practically docked herself; no shipping was in the way; wind and tide were right; and, being equipped with twin screws, she was able to go ahead with one and reverse with the other.

"It is when the wind is blowing a gale, another ship is in the dock, and the pilot blunders, that we have our troubles," the captain said to me as the deck hand cast off the line and the Taurus steamed away. "Only a short time ago one of our boats got nipped between two liners. We expected to see her crushed and sunk, but she was just far enough back to be able to squeeze out with no more damage than strained timbers."

The Taurus crossed the harbor and tied up for the night alongside an empty gravel-scow. A ladder was raised against the scow's side. We climbed to the deck and went ashore.

"We are the lucky ones," observed the captain. "We can go home and get a night's sleep. The Mars and the Saturn will have to wait over there until one o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour the Scythia leaves, and help get her into the stream. But rap on wood—it may be our turn to-morrow night."

* * *

SOUTHERN UNIVERSALIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

George A. Gay

One of the great needs of Universalist churches in the South is trained leaders in all departments of work. To meet this need the Southern Universalist Young People's Institute was organized. There has been steady progress in its work, and the sixth meeting has been the best on record.

Nineteen twenty-four also witnessed a larger attendance than at any preceding gathering and a wider geographical distribution of students. There were in addition more visitors than have ever before favored us by their presence. For regular students we had one from Florida, two from Alabama, two from Georgia, and eight from Chattanooga.

The number of ministers attending was most gratifying. The list is as follows: The Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., the Rev. Roger F. Etz, the Rev. F. B. Bishop, D. D., the Rev. Dwight A. Ball, the Rev. W. C. Duke, the Rev. Ernest A. Bowden, the Rev. Mrs. Rowlett, the Rev. Katharine Haskell Ball, the Rev. George A. Gay.

Seven series of lectures were given. The Rev. F. B. Bishop delivered seven lectures on "The Origin and Development of the Bible," and seven on "The Life and Teachings of Jesus." These lectures proved most interesting and instructive and the students were enthusiastic in their praise both of the lecturer and of his treatment of the subjects.

Mrs. Ball lectured on "The Pupil," part 1, Murray Teacher Training Course, and also presented the mission-study textbook for the year, "Ming-Kwong." She also delivered an inspirational lecture to an audience of sixty persons at the home of one of the members of the Chattanooga church. Mrs. Rowlett had for presentation two of the regular teacher training subjects, "The Teacher," part 1, and "The Training of the Devotional Life," in part 2. Dr. Lowe delivered three lectures pertaining to the "Christ Crusade," and Mr. Etz delivered a like number which dealt with the business of the Convention. Miss Winifred Spence, teacher in the Q. H. Shinn Memorial Sunday school, presented a demonstration class of beginners. Examinations were taken in the four text-book subjects.

Sunset services were held at De Long's tower on Mission Ridge, Sunset Rock, Lookout Mountain, and Signal Point, also at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Gurney on Mission Ridge. The Dixieville Union was organized under the direction of Edgar T. Williams and Haney Summers and met each day for the discussion of methods and a devotional meeting. A reorganization of the Southern League was effected and a most efficient board of directors elected.

Regular preaching services were conducted at the church, at the courthouse and at Chickamauga, Ga. Dr. F. B. Bishop delivered the opening sermon, the Rev. W. C. Duke was the speaker at the initial sunset service, Mrs. Rowlett preached at the home of Dr. Gurney, Mr. Gay was the speaker on Lookout Mountain, Mrs. Ball spoke at the home of Mr. R. F. Smith, Mr. Etz, Dr. Bishop and Dr. Lowe were the speakers at the courthouse auditorium, and Dr. Lowe preached the closing sermons at the Q. H. Shinn Memorial and at Chickamauga, Ga.

The meetings at the courthouse were purely experiments and in honor of Dr. Lowe, our General Superintendent. They were held in the very center of the city, the best of music was provided, and it was hoped that a liberal sprinkling of strangers attracted by the reputation of the speaker would attend, but a severe thunder storm on Thursday and an exceptional hot-wave on Friday contributed to the blasting of these hopes.

The meeting at Chickamauga was held in the church now owned by the Presbyterians but formerly the property of the First Universalist Church of Chickamauga. It was in this church that Dr. Shinn and many of the elder Southern ministers formerly preached, and it was a group of people who had moved from Chickamauga to Chattanooga which made possible the organization of the Q. H. Shinn Memorial.

The annual banquet of the "Instituters" was attended by nearly fifty people, and was a happy gathering indeed. The principal speakers were Dr. Bishop, Mr. Etz, and Dr. Lowe.

The young people studied faithfully, and for this reason the director of the Institute decided that one all-day picnic was preferable to any attempts to spend the afternoons on excursions. On Monday, June 30, therefore, twenty-four persons visited Lula Lake on the top of Lookout Mountain, and spent the entire day enjoying swims, climbs, and a wiener-roast. There is no place known to the writer that is just like Lula Lake, a body of blue water on a mountain top in a pot-hole worn through the ages as the stream has cascaded on its way to the river.

It is difficult to measure the results of a gathering of this kind, but it is significant that every newcomer is "converted" to the idea at once, and becomes an enthusiastic booster. This is especially true of the older people who are looking for greater efficiency and deeper spirituality in our churches.

In conclusion, the Director wishes to express his appreciation to the General Convention for sending Dr. Lowe and Mr. Etz, whose lectures and sermons were sources of inspiration and information, and should accomplish much by way of familiarizing the students with the work of the Convention. He also wishes to thank the General Sunday School Association for sending Dr. Bishop, and for its messages of cheer; the Y. P. C. U. for its abiding interest and good wishes. The Institute could not have been held without the financial aid which the W. N. M. A. solicited, and to this organization and to those various Circles, Clara Barton Guilds and individuals who contributed to the funds our gratitude is extended. The members of the Q. H. Shinn Memorial Church are also to be commended for the financial assistance which they gave, and even more for the generous offer of automobiles which were always at the disposal of the visitors. There was the fullest co-operation from the Chattanooga members in every way. The newspapers of the city gave ample space to us and showed a disposition to print all of the material which we were prepared to submit. It is the conviction of the writer that money, time, effort were well spent, that the investment is certain to yield satisfactory returns.

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Creative Experience

By Mary P. Follett. Longmans, Green and Co. $3.00.

Sometimes ideas hover about on the higher levels, dimly sighted by many people but not brought to earth until some individual achieves the capture. Then everybody wonders why he didn't think of that. Miss Follett's "The New State" was a reaching out for an idea of that kind; indeed one might say it was a grasping of an idea of that kind; the only question in the mind of critics was whether or not she succeeded in landing the idea. "Creative Experience" is much the same sort of book, and will leave much the same sort of query in the minds of its readers. It has the advantage of dealing with a more limited area, and is therefore more compact and concise in its thought, but a feeling of uncertainty nevertheless remains.

In a brief review it is possible to do no more than give Miss Follett's central theme. "Integrative psychology shows us organism relating to environment plus organism. In human relations this is obvious: I never react to you but to you-plus-me; or, to be more accurate, it is I-plus-you reacting to you-plus-me." More accurately still, "It is I plus the interweaving-between-you-and-me meeting you plus the interweaving-between-you-and-me, etc., etc. If we were doing it mathematically we should work it out to the nth power. This pregnant truth—that response is always to a relation, the relation between the response and that to which the response is being made—needs further consideration. . . . First, my changing activity is a response to an activity which is also changing; and the changes in my activity are in part caused by the changes in the activity of that to which I am in relation, and *vice versa*. My response is not to a crystallized product of the past, static for the moment of meeting; while I am behaving, the environment is changing because of my behaving, and my behavior is a response to the new situation which I, in part, have created. Thus we see involved the third point, namely, that the responding is not merely to another activity, but to the relating between the self-activity and the other activity. . . Thus the relating involves an increment that can be measured only by compound interest."

This, when one thinks it over, is true. It makes it possible for Miss Follett to say:

"There is no result *of* process but only a moment *in* process." Thus out of experience, this constant inter-relating, may come new values. Thus our goal is not compromise but integration. Out of conflict should come something which will satisfy the desires of both parties, something new which attains for both the ends desired.

To the development of this thesis the first part of the book is devoted. Miss Follett is well acquainted with modern psychology and uses her knowledge to good advantage. The second part of the book discusses the practical bearings of the concept, and here, as in her previous works, the author is interested in government. She believes that the besetting problems of democracy find solution in the process of integration. The whole matter of representation takes new shape in her treatment. Moreover, she says many wise things about law and the theory of jurisprudence.

We heartily recommend the book, not because it is easy reading, but because it is stimulating and because it is important. Without accepting everything she says, one can enthusiastically endorse her book. It indicates new trails through what has seemed a pathless wilderness of compromise, bitterness, defeat, trails that may show the way out.

* *

Ethics and Some Modern World Problems

By William McDougall. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Professor McDougall is an eminent psychologist who has written some excellent and well praised volumes in his chosen field. In this book, a venture into the adjacent field of ethics, he is not so fortunate. He distinguishes between two kinds of ethics, nationalistic and universal, the former aiming at the strength and health of the group, the latter enunciating principles applying to every individual.

Universal ethics, as exemplified in the Christian system, especially the Golden Rule, would, if followed, lead the world on to the rocks, according to the view of Professor McDougall. He dwells at length on the resulting evils, shrieking with horror at the sight of that old bogy, the increase of the lower stocks. Side by side with Lothrop Stoddard and Madison Grant he drags out all the old arguments, good and bad, logical and illogical. And all these evils he blames on universal ethics.

Of course there is a problem, but one wonders if it is quite accurate to trace it to that particular door. Moreover, one is a little surprised to read: "Nationalism, then, is a great force, the greatest force in the modern world." And it is startling to discover that "if one had to attempt to compare religion with patriotism as influences making for morality throughout the history of mankind, I, for one, should not hesitate to give patriotism the higher place."

National ethics and universal ethics must be synthesized, insists Mr. McDougall through five of the six lectures, and in the sixth lecture he comes at last to the synthesis. One looks forward to it with interest—and then! All the professor has to suggest is that mentally defective (a term not defined), convicted criminals, and illiterates shall be denied the right to vote. The rest of the people will have a representative instead of an ultra democracy, and all will be serene. There is an appendix, describing "the one and only practicable plan for bringing about the disarmament of nations and the reign of international justice." There is a second appendix, detailing the superiority of this plan to the Bok plan.

To be brief, the book is a mess. Professor McDougall takes a defensible position but does not defend it. Moreover, he implies a good deal that is even worse than what he says. When the Ku Klux Klan goes looking for its next Imperial Wizard, we humbly suggest the professor.

* *

Representative Government in Industry

By James Myers. George H. Doran Company.

This book has most to offer to those who have not made a careful study of present industrial tendencies. In undeniably readable fashion and with substantial accuracy, the author pictures the background of our industrial society. Other books have done the task better, but Mr. Myers has at least made it possible for those to whom the subject is unfamiliar to understand the broader implications of the movement for so-called industrial democracy.

In practical matters Mr. Myers is excellent, and what he says is of value to the advanced as well as the elementary student. His experience with the works committee in the Dutchess Bleacheries, together with his investigations into similar plans elsewhere, prepares him to speak authoritatively.

In regard to little points he is particularly interesting. One of the most valuable things he does is to attempt to classify the different schemes of employees' representation.

Unlike many men interested in this subject, Mr. Myers is favorable to the unions. He sees that works committees and the rest are dependent on the pleasure of the employer, whereas unions have sought and won recognition and are in a place to enforce reasonable demands. The last chapter, dealing with constitutional government in industry, points out the logical next step if works committees are to win the general support of laboring men.

Young People's Christian Union

Conducted by Granville Hicks

THE STUDENT FELLOWSHIP FOR CHRISTIAN LIFE-SERVICE

Strangely enough, we of the so-called liberal churches are often indifferent to the work of the orthodox churches, even though it may be work with which we are in essential sympathy. To a great extent the fault lies with the orthodox, for they exclude us from their organizations and ignore any attempts we may make toward co-operation. We, nevertheless, should not ignore what they are doing. In the first place, much of their work is very important. In the second place, they often offer examples which we may follow. In the third place, when the liberals and the orthodox do come together, it will be because of the strong bond of sympathy created by the performance of tasks which both realize to be valuable. If the day ever comes when they are ready to co-operate with us, we do not want to obstruct through our standoffishness or our lack of understanding.

The young people have special reasons for interest in the enterprises of other young people, for to them the barriers seem weaker and the bonds stronger. We have all heard of the Student Volunteer Movement, for its great conferences draw together the youth of all parts of the nation, and its recent conference, held last winter at Indianapolis, was given considerable publicity by the press. We have heard less, however, of the Student Fellowship for Christian Life-Service, which is by the way of being a sister organization.

As the Indianapolis convention showed, many young people are finding a certain incongruity in the attempt to make other nations Christian when we have such tremendous opportunities here at home. The students insisted on discussing the questions which are facing America, particularly the questions of race and of war. It was not that they doubted the value of foreign missions, for they endorsed them heartily, but they did not want them to be over-emphasized when there were such crying needs in the United States. The leaders found that they could not stop the delegates from thrashing out the problems which they believed to be of first importance.

The tendency to think a little about home conditions was not a sudden development at Indianapolis. Probably it goes far back into the history of the Student Volunteer Movement. Certainly it was an active force as early as 1922, when, on February 17-19, fifty-four student delegates assembled at the University of Illinois. Most of them came from societies which had been formed in colleges for the purpose of uniting those who were interested in Christian Service in this country. A representative of the Student Volunteer Movement explained why that body was not in a position to extend its fellowship to those who were planning to serve in America, and it was decided to create an organization which would fulfil that purpose. A general statement of aims was drawn up, a committee was chosen to formulate plans and policies, and a name was adopted—the Student Fellowship for Christian Life-Service.

Present Tendencies

For two years the organization grew, having its headquarters in New York. At the time of the Indianapolis convention, a letter was sent to Dr. Judd, chairman of the Student Volunteer Council, asking that the two organizations be brought together in order that a fellowship embracing all who contemplated Christian life-service at home or abroad might be formed. The letter stated that the committee had reached the conviction "that Christian life-service can not be limited by vocational or geographical restrictions, but should be based upon primarily a fundamental life motive." It went on to say: "Believing that the fundamental motive behind home service is the same as that behind foreign service, we are led to raise the question as to whether it is not now an opportune time to consider the development of one movement to include the scope of both."

The attempted affiliation having failed, the Fellowship has continued its independent existence and has thrived. Its headquarters are now in Chicago. Mr. Harry W. Seamans is executive secretary, and Mr. Glenn Harding is chairman of the executive committee. A recent statement by the committee appointed to consider the purposes and principles of the Fellowship contains some interesting material. It is explicitly stated that the "initiative, promotion, and control depends entirely on students." It is also stated that the Fellowship will co-operate with any other organization which aims to Christianize the world, and that it "proposes to discontinue as a distinct movement" whenever any other organization fills the needs it is filling.

The committee submits as principles for any commitment the following: (1) Recognition of the world's needs. (2) Individual consecration to meet that need. (3) Covenant to seek his place in the kingdom until he finds it. (4) Willingness to go anywhere, at any cost, with the help of God. A form of words based on these principles is recommended, and a program of education suggested. A program for local groups is proposed.

The Student Challenge

Among its other enterprises, the Fellowship is publishing a paper, called the *Student Challenge*, edited by Mr. Walter Mueller. Among the contributing editors are Mr. Stanley High and Mr. Paul Hutchinson. A special issue in April dealt entirely with the affair at Northwestern, which has already been mentioned on this page. The articles, mostly reprinted from the *Christian Century*, aimed to give the truth about the Allinson address to an Epworth League at Evanston and to counteract the malicious distortions of the Chicago press. The May number dealt with the question of war, and contained articles by Harry Emerson Fosdick and Will Irwin, also reprinted from the *Christian Century*. In addition there were pointed questions and comments by the editors.

In general the paper gives the tone of the Fellowship. It is evidently made up of students who are interested in the problems of our world, interested with every bit of their intellects and their emotions. They have faith in the ability of the Christian Church to solve these problems. Their language often seems to us strangely like that of Billy Sunday, but their spirit—the pity is we haven't more of it!

For the Quiet Hour

The Christian character begins in moral teachableness and is developed by moral faith. It assumes first, humility, and secondly, self-respect.

Francis Greenwood Peabody.

That man was not meant for gloom and depression, is writ all over his body and soul. For it is only by joy and hopefulness that he thrives. Fear is infinitely more dangerous than courage, for it takes away the power of resisting the thing that is dreaded. The world is an animal that calls for a bold rider. It will throw the coward who trembles as he mounts. It is here, more than in all the theological treatises written in its defense, that Christianity shows its truth to life. It gives men the faith by which they gain a strength to live and to die. At the bottom of it—and here has been all along the secret of its power—there lies an assurance of the wholesomeness of life, of an ultimate good issue of things, and of an assured victory for the faithful soul, which have put a new face on the world's mystery, and given man an abiding reason for being glad.

Jonathan Brierley.

If there be a heaven so fair
O'er us ever shining,
We shall never enter there
By looking up and pining.
In one holy, quiet thought
Heaven to us is nearer brought
Than in all the radiance bright
Of a thousand worlds of light.

Author Unknown.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

MEMBERSHIP IN THE W. N. M. A.

This year has been a good one, as far as membership is concerned. Reports tell of gains all along the line. This is good and we are all glad to read and know of the success of our work. Miss Kirk used an expression in our church which has stuck in my mind. She said that what we were not "up on, we were apt to be down on." This expresses the feeling which I have about the membership in the W. N. M. A. People are not going to join something of which they know little or nothing. There must be a process of education before folks are anxious to belong to an organization.

When our members are talking over the missionary meeting and telling others what fine meetings they have, and how interesting they find the Bulletin, and the messages of the study books, when we have the ministers telling the congregations how much the Association is doing to spread Universalism in the local church, state and nation, when the people wake up to the tremendous work which this organization is carrying on, then there will be no need for membership campaigns. Every woman in the denomination will want to have a part in that splendid work and every church will strive to be in the vanguard of the organization. This may sound a little too optimistic, but there are signs which show that it is coming. Women are studying the Mission books who never would open one in years past, ministers are talking about the work of the Association who have ignored it before, women are enthusiastic about the plans and achievements of the W. N. M. A. who were merely lukewarm in the past. These are all indications that the ideals of the Association and the work accomplished are being known and recognized. These all speak for the interest and enthusiasm of the women and the churches at large.

The accomplishments and the results of the organization are large and important enough so that they are claiming the attention of the whole church world. The steady gain in membership has meant the enlargement of the work and the undertaking of greater tasks until now we are engaged in a work the importance of which is demanding the respect of the whole denomination. This is splendid and we rejoice in what it means for the spread of our faith in the Southland and in Japan.

As every enterprise grows and develops, new needs arise and new possibilities appear. There are opening up before the W. N. M. A. constantly new fields where the Universalist Church is needed and where we could have services and churches if we were able to send men and women to minister to those fields. We can send them, we can equip them, if we have an organization big enough in numbers to carry on the work. The realization that the W. N. M. A. is the extension branch of the Church, that it is one more agency which is planting Universalism and Universalist churches, is just beginning to sink into the minds of some of the women, and they are beginning to want to have a bigger part in that work. Just as the General Convention, the General Sunday School Association and the Y. P. C. U. are trying to spread the Universalist doctrine abroad, so is the Missionary Association. It has a big field in the Southland, a fertile field in which the seeds have been sown by faithful and efficient workers, and one which is white for the harvest. That field needs more reapers and more sowers. The W. N. M. A. will send as many more as the women of our Church will allow us to. Every new member helps to send workers to the Southland and to Japan. Have you thought of it in that light? If you are a member can you not influence some one else to become one? If you are not one, do you not want to be one immediately? Do you know of some one who would like to be a member? Is there not some one whom you know who wants to be a life member or a patron? The money from these memberships goes into permanent funds which will carry on the work of Universalism as long as there is a church. Now is the time to be planning for another year. Rally your forces to start in in the fall with full strength so that we may show even greater results next year. *It is your Church and your work.*

Mrs. F. G. Folsom,
National Chairman of Membership.

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BIENNIAL REPORTS

Reports from the Forty-fourth Convention of the Women's National Missionary Association held at Providence, R. I., October 24, 1923, are now available for distribution at the office of the Association, 176 Newbury Street, Boston.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

BY A NEAR EAST ORPHAN

Thousands of our members have helped support the orphans in the Near East. They will be interested in the "Orders" from the orphanage at Diarbekir. These rules, assembled by one of the orphans, show a purpose toward obedience and unselfishness made all the more pointed by the quaintness of expression.

1. Every person which live in orphanage, they mustn't think that they are free.

2. Any person without special permission, they mustn't go any place.

3. In the good time, everybody must be present.

4. In pray time, you must be present and specially you will be still and quiet.

5. Nobody must go to bed, until he has done pray for his self.

6. In the morning when you are awake from your sleeping, you mustn't make any voice, if you make voice, the others will be awake.

7. Every person must make his work and duty with faithfully not to show to the mens, but for the God.

8. Every girl and, they must be careful do not speak lie and beware to speak bad and unhonest word.

9. Be careful to not be thief and not quarrel with each other.

10. Everybody must speak with each other with lovely and kindly.

11. Every person, mustn't blasphem never, nor to say donkey, dog and such bad words, because you are created like the picture of God.

12. All of them that they did not obey this orders, they will be punished.

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LOMBARD NEXT

That Illinois Institute ought to be a winner.

The advertising has been lively and persistent anyhow, the efforts of President Tilden, the Illinois State Association and the General Sunday School Association having been combined to make folks think that they simply could not stay away.

Then, there is the faculty, a company of first-class men and women, ready to give instruction upon just the points that ordinary Universalist officers and teachers want to know about.

Here is the list of instructors and subjects:

Hon. Roger S. Galer, "The Bible."

Miss Mary Slaughter, "Dramatizing Bible Lessons," "Missionary Instruction" and "Work with Junior Pupils."

Rev. Laura B. Galer, "Work with Beginners and Primary Pupils."

Prof. W. E. Nelson, "Psychology in the Sunday School."

Rev. P. A. Allen, "Administration" and "Work with Adolescents."

Rev. Lucy W. Markley, "The Parent and the Sunday School."

Lectures will be given also by Prof. Frederick Fadner and Professor W. C. Winn.

It is not too late to make reservations. Apply at once to President Joseph M. Tilden, Lombard College, Galesburg, Illinois. The dates are from July 21 to July 25.

Among Our Churches

New Hampshire Letter

It has been a long time since we were able to report the news from the New Hampshire field. That does not indicate that our New Hampshire parishes have not been making history but that the demands of field work have forbidden attention to much of any other things. * * **West Rumney.**—After a long time without a place of worship, the people at West Rumney, whose church was burned some time ago, have succeeded in raising the funds and in building a modern little chapel which should adequately meet the needs of the community. The dedicatory services were held on Sunday, June 29, Rev. H. A. Parkhurst representing the Universalist denomination in place of the Superintendent, who was unable to be present. Universalist people will have even more interest than arises from the fact that they are represented in the constituency served by this new building, because the pulpit furniture is that used for many years by our church at Plymouth. This was reserved by our people when the building was taken over by the Episcopalians, and it seems fitting that it should have been given to West Rumney, for it was from the surrounding towns of which Rumney is one that the constituency of the Plymouth church gathered in the new center. Mr. E. A. Ray, chairman of the building committee of the new chapel, is a representative of one of our old Universalist families and his mother has been one of the foremost in the activities surrounding the building of the new place of worship. The parish at West Rumney is being served by the Baptist minister from Plymouth. The pulpit is open, however, to the representative of any denomination, and the Superintendent of Universalist Churches has a standing invitation to conduct services at any time. It seems as if the community were large enough to support a resident minister and we hope that before long it will seize upon the opportunity. * * **Gorham.**—It was the pleasure of the Superintendent to meet the people at Gorham during the month of June and he came away with a renewed respect for the people and the minister of one of our northern outposts. The whole spirit of the place has been changed. From complete pessimism and discouragement there has come a quiet spirit of confidence which is looking forward to the years to come. A new denominational spirit also seems to have been developed. Every call of the greater Church is being faithfully presented and each new call meets with some financial response and large interest and sympathy. The resident church membership has been almost doubled in the space of a year. While the Superintendent was present a meeting was called to consider the development of the church building to allow a larger social activity. It was suggested that a basement be placed under the auditorium. After a frank discussion of the merits and the weakness of the proposed plan, it was decided that for immediate relief of the Sunday school a room already existing should be finished off under the Sunday school room, but that in order to take the place of leadership in the social activities of the town which the people considered placed upon them by the number of young people coming under their care something bigger than had as yet been considered was necessary. It was also decided that a parsonage ought to be owned by the parish. A committee was appointed to consider various locations available for such a combined building, and if I am not mistaken in the character of the committee appointed, led by Judge Thomas Marble, the plan will be carried through. Rev. Helene Ulrich has made a wonderful record in the year of her pastorate. Miss Ulrich is now fairly well recovered from the effects of her illness and should come back with great courage and new strength to the work. * * **Berlin.**—The work at Berlin, the other of our northern outposts, is not as encouraging from a material standpoint as the work at Gorham. It is, however, the record of faithful, painstaking sacrificing labor upon the part of the pastor, Rev. Wenonah Stevens Abbott. It is also the record of coming as pastor of an unknown and unrecognized church and placing one's self at the head of the clerical forces of the city. Up to the present time we have not built up a denominational constituency much larger than that with which we started. We have, however, built up a personal following of the pastor which is remarkable for its numbers and the intelligence of its members. Hampered with an inadequate place in which to work, by the class of the city in which the movement is placed, we have none the less accomplished much of which we are proud. * * **West Chesterfield and Westmoreland** are enjoying a summer pastorate under Miss Doris A. Swett of St. Lawrence University. The West Chesterfield proposition is well developed and the people are ready for a larger organized work. We expect the summer's pastorate to develop a church organization which shall include many denominations but be a united body of the followers of the Master. The Sunday school and the Young People's organization are also living forces in the community. At Westmoreland we are not making as decided advance as in the other parish, but we are at least bringing the message that they love to some of our loyal people there. * * **Claremont.**—It is a little late to report the Easter activities of a parish but they were so rich at Claremont that it seems worth while. The union services of the town culminated in the Easter services in the individual churches. The audience at our church numbered 338, the church school 150, and the men's class sixty-five, with a sacrificial offering amounting to more than $500. Twelve persons received the right hand of fellowship. The trustees of the Claremont parish have given to the Estey Organ Company of Brattleboro, Vt., the contract for the new organ which will be installed during the summer vacation. The organist at our church is president of the State Federation of Music Clubs. * * **Nashua.**—Dr. Morrison certainly holds a place in the life of his city. One of the city papers in giving an account of the Memorial Day exercises speaks editorially under the caption "Dr. Morrison," as follows: "Unusually well preserved, of tall figure, as straight as in youth, he filled the office of chaplain throughout the long program of the day, pronouncing the invocation and benediction at five different ceremonies, each invocation being an extemporaneous one and each fitted for the special exercise of which it was a part. One visioned the patriarch as well as the patriot, when at the beautiful and impressive service at the grave of Governor Ramsdell, New Hampshire's war governor, in the course of his invocation he took occasion to say—and we wish all present-day pacifists had heard it—that the United States had never sought a war, that our armies, whether in '76, or '61, or '98 or the World War, were manned by a peace-loving young manhood; and bespoke a sane measure of preparedness that in future years a similar peace loving young manhood might not be slaughtered ruthlessly because pacifism had swept away a rational national defense." * * **Y. P. C. U.**—The State Y. P. C. U. will go it alone this year and will hold its annual convention at a time and place different from that of the State Convention. The young people of Vermont and Quebec will send a delegation to this convention to plan for a larger co-operative effort between the two fields. * * **Sunday School Institute.**—The Sunday School Institute to be held at Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vermont, will be for teachers of New Hampshire as well as of Vermont. There will be five days filled with instruction. We are urging every school to send at least one older representative who shall come back prepared to act as director of Sunday school methods for the year.

George F. Fortier.

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Rev. Harry L. Canfield, of North Carolina, visited Headquarters on April 7. He is to be in Cambridge for some weeks attending the Harvard Summer School.

A group of Y. P. C. U. members from Urbana, Illinois, who are motoring to Ferry Beach, stopped in at Headquarters on Wednesday, July 9.

Rev. Sarah A. Dixon, for the last seven years minister of the federated church at Hyannis, Mass., has resigned, to take effect the middle of October. Miss Dixon is planning to take a much needed vacation before assuming another pastorate.

The Tufts Club of Southern California had as their honored guest at the June dinner in Pasadena, Prof. Charles E. Fay and Mrs. Fay. The thirty graduates present, from '74 down to '19, enjoyed Dean Fay's reminiscences of the Hill. The dean's span of service of sixty years runs back to the early years of Tufts College. The alumni keenly appreciated the memory pages from which he quoted so delightfully.

Illinois

Stockton.—Rev. J. L. Everton, pastor. Children's Day was observed in June by a union service of church and school. The program was given largely by the children's department of the church school. Six children were christened. A few Sundays previous one member was received into the church. On June 15 Mr. Everton's subject was "Thirty Years a Minister," it being the thirtieth anniversary of the first Sunday of his first pastorate after graduating at Ryder Divinity School. The local paper complimented his sermon.

Urbana.—Rev. R. D. Cranmer, pastor. The contract has been let for the decoration of the interior of the church and work will start in about two weeks. Sunday, June 15, was observed as Anniversary Sunday with a fine attendance. Dinner was served to about 125 after the morning service. At this time our pipe organ campaign received additional encouragement so that a new organ seems to be assured. These improvements with a new car that has been purchased for the use of the minister seem to indicate that the Urbana church is very much alive. At the close of a fine Children's Day program one baby was christened and four adults were admitted to membership in the church. This makes a total of eleven new members this year, and of sixty-seven during the present pastorate. A definite attempt will be made to secure the twenty-five additional members necessary to make new accessions equal the active membership of the church when the present pastorate began.

Maine

Bangor.—Rev. Ashley A. Smith, D. D., pastor. Mothers' Day was fittingly observed, with specially arranged music by the choir, and a Mothers' Day church school service at the close of the morning service. Memorial Sunday was observed with music and sermon, Dr. Smith taking for his theme, "The True Wealth of America." Children's Sunday was impressively observed, June 8, by the christening and dedication of twenty-three children. Five more have received baptism since, making a total of twenty-eight. Following the dedication services on Children's Day, a very pleasing program of songs and recitations was presented by the children. On June 15 two were received into the church, making the total of new members thirty-four. The St. John's Commandery, Knights Templars, were guests of our church at the morning service on St. John's Sunday, June 24. The entire service was broadcast by Radiophone Station W. A. B. I. The church vestry was equipped with an amplifier to accommodate the overflow from the auditorium which was filled to more than its capacity. Services in our church closed on June 29, with a very memorable event. This being the presence at our morning service of our former pastor, Rev. Carl F. Henry, D. D., and Mrs. Henry of Pasadena, Cal. Dr. Henry occupied the pulpit, and preached the morning sermon, at the close of which he was warmly greeted by his former parishioners. During the interim of the closing on June 29 and the opening of the church on Sept. 7, Dr. Smith will reside at his summer home at East Holden, and will preach Sunday mornings at the Universalist Chapel, East Eddington, Me. The young people of the church have shown a splendid spirit of co-operation in raising money for the Dorothy Memorial Fund, the sum of $200 having been recently netted from a supper given by Miss Eola Mayo's class of young ladies of the church school. This, together with the St. John's Commandery's generous contribution, has greatly assisted in raising the fund to a little over $22,800.

Massachusetts

North Orange.—Rev. C. F. McIntire, pastor. A sermon to the children and a christening brought out a large congregation Children's Day, which was observed here June 29. Thirteen children were christened. The new plan of appointing committees for arranging entertainments or suppers each month in the year is having good results both in increasing interest in the society and adding to the revenues of the church. June 8 a memorial service was held in the Tully Cemetery for the eight ministers buried there. Prayer was offered by Rev. G. L. Mason, Rev. A. A. Blair took charge of the exercises and read the Scripture, and Rev. C. F. McIntire gave a short address. About fifty of the Orange parish were present, including their fine quartette choir. Forty new names have recently been added to the list of parish members. Rev. Clifford Newton, who is spending his vacation here, preached an interesting sermon July 6. Mr. McIntire will soon take several Sundays' vacation, spending the time with his mother in Oakland, Maine.

Weymouth.—Rev. J. L. Dowson, pastor. We had very fine Children's Day exercises, conducted by Hubert Dowson, superintendent. Five children were christened. The annual Sunday school picnic will be held July 12, at North Scituate. The church has been newly painted, and is now one of the handsomest buildings in town. On two Sunday evenings recently the pastor preached to the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs and to the Knights of Pythias, the occasions being their annual memorial services. The church closed July 6 for the summer vacation.

Michigan

Lansing.—Rev. G. H. Ashworth, pastor. Our church closed a most successful year with the last Sunday in June. The Children's Day service was of unusual interest. The Sunday school is in a growing condition and doing excellent work. The Mission Circle closed its year in a round of enthusiasm at the home of Mrs. Ashworth, who has served as president for four years. The new president is Mrs. E. F. Badger, a product of the Providence, R. I., church and a valuable asset in our work here. Our finances are in good shape, but it has been a steady pull to overcome the difficulties. Thirty accessions to the membership during the year, and an unusually fine spirit pervades all the church forces.

New York

Van Hornesville.—This church has been closed for some years, but has recently been opened by Rev. Dr. Walker, State Superintendent. The church has been put in order with the assistance of Hon. Owen D. Young, a native of this village. The Fort Plain minister is preaching here every Sunday afternoon.

Ohio

Eldorado.—Rev. Thomas Murray closed a five years' pastorate here June 15. He has taken up the work as State Superintendent of Kentucky, being located at Hopkinsville. On his last Sunday dinner was served at the church, about eighty being present. In the morning he talked on "Memory's Pictures." Two young ladies were received into the church and one baby was christened. One young man joined the church on the previous Sunday. Two of our young people were elected to office in the Y. P. C. U. at the recent State Convention at Columbus—John D. Blackford president and Letticia Kimmel treasurer. We are making a canvass for funds for the current expenses of the church, and will

hear a candidate in the near future. The best wishes of the church people and the community go with Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1924

Previously reported	1,779
Detroit, Mich.	12
Minneapolis, Minn., Tuttle	4
Stockton, Ill.	1
Urbana, Ill.	4
Eldorado, Ohio	2
Total	1,802

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 604. Detroit, Mich., 14. Jaffrey, N. H., 2. North Orange, Mass., 13. Minneapolis, Minn., Tuttle, 1. Stockton, Ill., 6. Brockton, Mass., 2. Deep Run, N. C., 2. Urbana, Ill., 1. Eldorado, O., 1. Total, 646.

* *

DEATH OF MRS. F. B. BISHOP

A telegram received on Monday reported the death of Mrs. F. B. Bishop July 10. The funeral service was held at Montgomery, conducted by Revs. Arnold Ross and H. T. Crumpton, and burial was at Birmingham.

* *

ORDINATION OF MRS. COLEGROVE

At the Iowa State Convention recently held in Waterloo, Mrs. Minnie O. Colgrove of Mitchellville was ordained. Those taking part in the service were Rev. O. G. Colegrove, Rev. Effie McCollum Jones, Rev. Laura Bowman Galer and Rev. Jennie B. Hitchcock.

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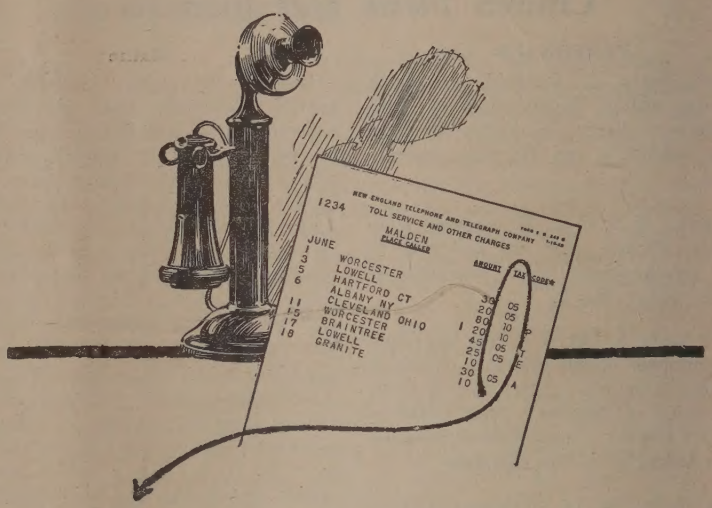

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THE federal taxes laid on telephone toll messages by the Revenue Act of 1921 have been removed by the Revenue Act of 1924, which was enacted on June 2, and became effective as regards these taxes on July 2. Under the act of 1921, the taxes imposed on telephone messages were as follows:

On a telephone message for which the charge was more than fourteen cents and not more than fifty cents a tax of ..... **5 cents**

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These taxes were highest in proportion to the charge for service for toll messages over moderate distances, the tax in some cases amounting to one-third of the toll charge.

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I'll take pie, lady.—*Lord Jeff.*

* *

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* *

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"Yes, mum."

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"Oh, don't worry about me slippin', mum. I've got nails in me boots!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

* *

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Ad Writer: "Where? I don't see any ocean."

Proprietor: "You don't? My dear sir, I'm afraid you're not the man we want to write our advertisements."—*Life.*

* *

She (in art gallery): "So that's one of those cubist paintings. What a dreadful place Cuba must be!"—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

Fond mother (who is sure the visitor would like to hear her infant prodigy on the violin): "Johnnie is so far advanced that now we can almost tell whether he is tuning or playing."—*Punch (London).*

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